Sports Illustrated
JANUARY 23, 1978 ONE DOLLAR

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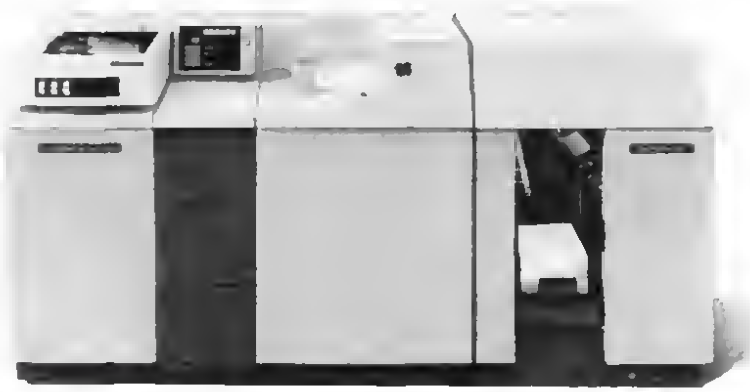
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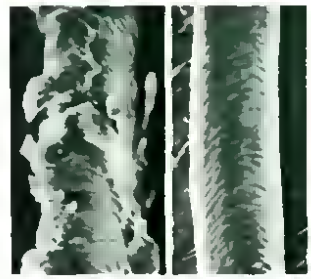
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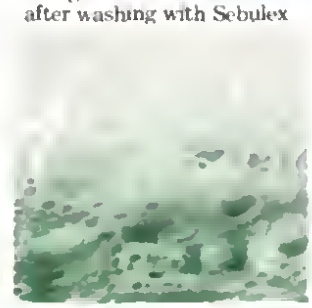
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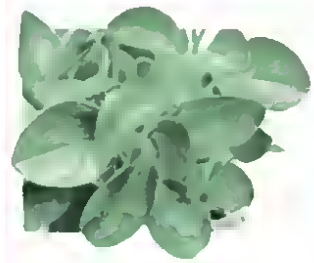
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CONTENTS

JANUARY 23, 1978 *Volume 48 No. 4*

Cover photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.

Doomsday in the Dome 16

A ferocious Dallas defense forced turnovers galore as the Cowboys belted Denver's Broncos in the Super Bowl **by Dan Jenkins**

Bird Has the Trees on Top 24

Basketball's surprise team, Indiana State's 12–0 Sycamores, got their coach off the retired list, their star off a garbage truck **by Larry Keith**

Going for Gold in Old Garmisch 32

Forty-two years after the 1936 Olympics, that Bavarian village will host another wingding, the World Ski Championships

Evil in the Eye of an Older Beholder 38

The old orb ain't what it used to be, but once Ben Finkle could quell man and beast with his Slobodka Stare **by Pat Putnam**

The Game Normal People Play 60

You, a normal human being, can learn the basics of tennis, how not to lose balls, how to cheat, and how, occasionally, to win **by Peter Nord**

The Departments

Scorecard	13	Track & Field	54	19th Hole	74
TV/Radio	46	College Football	57	*Credits on page 73*	
College Basketball	48	For the Record	73		

Next Week

WINNER TAKES ALL, both the WBA and WBC world lightweight titles, when champion Roberto Duran and champ Esteban DeJesus slug it out for the third time. Esteban has won one, so has Roberto. Pat Putnam reports the rubber match.

THE OLD PARTICIPATOR, George Plimpton, tries the sport of hockey this time, joining the Boston Bruins as a goaltender. In Part I of Bozo the Bruin, Plimpton goes to training camp to gird himself for an appearance against Philadelphia's Flyers.

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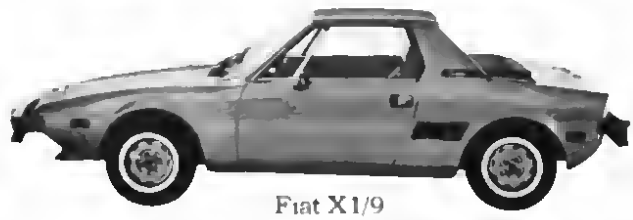
First we improved the car.
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Fiat 131 4-Door Sedan.



Fiat 128 2-Door Sedan



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Minimum RMS Power Output Per Channel	12 watts (8 ohms)	16 watts (8 ohms)	8 watts (8 ohms)	15 watts (8 ohms)
Power Band Width	40-30,000 Hz	20-20,000 Hz	40-20,000 Hz	20-20,000 Hz
Total Harmonic Distortion *(smaller is better)*	0.8%	0.5%	1.0%	0.8%
FM IHF Sensitivity *(smaller is better)*	1.9 Microvolt 10.7 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf
FM Stereo Separation *(larger is better)*	40 dB	38 dB	35 dB	33 dB
FM Capture Ratio *(smaller is better)*	1.0 dB	3.0 dB	1.5 dB	2.5 dB
FM Selectivity *(larger is better)*	60 dB	50 dB	60 dB	50 dB
Cassette Tape Deck Tape Frequency Range	Front-loading non-Dolby* CrO_2 40-14,000 Hz Low Noise 40-12,000 Hz	Dolby* Front-loading CrO_2 30-14,000 Hz Low Noise 30-11,000 Hz	Dolby* Front-loading CrO_2 40-14,000 Hz Low Noise 40-13,000 Hz	Dolby* Front-loading CrO_2 Tape 30-14,000 Hz Low Noise 30-11,000 Hz
Speakers	10" 3-way Frequency Range 45-20,000 Hz	8" 2-way Frequency Range: 50-22,000 Hz	8" 2-way Frequency Range: N/A	8" 2-way Frequency Range 50-22,000 Hz
Record Changer	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor
Suggested Total Retail Price *(Source: 1977 Stereo Review's Stereo Directory & Buying Guide Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price)*	$449.95	$749.85	$677.95	$709.90

Centrex Stereo Systems by Pioneer compare favorably with these typical audio store component packages
Pioneer products include a two-year limited warranty. Ask for details. Pricing published as of April 1, 1977

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Where did this appear? The New Yorker? Harper's? Rolling Stone? No, it's from *Nowhere Fast* by Robert F. Jones, a piece about Oakland's Kenny Stabler in Sports Illustrated, where the people in sports are as fascinating as the games they play.

Sports Illustrated
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BOOKTALK

by BIL GILBERT

FARLEY MOWAT'S ANGER HAS CHANGED AN AMUSING WRITER INTO A POLEMICIST

For more than 20 years Farley Mowat has been regaling readers with amusing tales about life, particularly animal life (a goggles-wearing dog and a pair of rumble-seat-riding owls are among his classics), in the Canadian prairies. There was every prospect that a man as observant and witty as Mowat could mine this vein of humor for about as long as he chose, entertaining some more than others but offending no one.

However, at the same time that he was on his way to a niche somewhere between Gerald Durrell and Jean Shepherd, Mowat has also been an arctic and subarctic activist, a less funny and very angry writer. And in recent years he has become preoccupied with railing against what he considers to be environmental and social atrocities committed in the Canadian North by residents of Canada and the U.S.

Obviously, Mowat has come to feel that writing about injustices done to the North is more important than telling pretty stories about charming owls. He may well be right, but everything has its price. In this case, while they have gained a forceful polemicist, Mowat's longtime admirers have lost a first-rate humorist. Nevertheless, whether he is writing in anger or writing to amuse, Mowat seems incapable of being dull, even for a paragraph.

His most recent volume, *The Great Betrayal. Arctic Canada Now* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5.95, paperback), is an angry book, a summary of what he considers to be wretched messes and excesses. He examines conditions in seven different geographical zones in the Canadian North, a vast territory. "One of the most enduring misconceptions we have about our North," he writes, "is that it is all of a piece—or, at the most, of two pieces: a bleak expanse of frozen sea and a dreary wilderness of frozen forest and tundra." Such misconceptions exasperate Mowat and he is at his best in correcting them. One of the strongest sections of *The Great Betrayal* is his description of the beauties, diversity and resources of the vast interior Northern prairies, the half million or so square miles that have long and misleadingly been known as the Barren Lands.

Mowat says the Canadian North is a wondrous and valuable place (located, if you please, not on the geographical fringes of the world but at its center), but because it is mostly wilderness which few can understand or ap-

preciate. it has been brutally exploited lot short-term gain by get-the-goods-and-get-out residents of the southern portions of the continent. Mowat's pantheon of bad guys includes *in situ* developers, people and companies seeking to discover and extract reserves of oil, natural gas and coal, and the military All these groups, he feels, are engaged in exploitative operations, and are aided and encouraged by federal bureaucrats who administer the North Beyond the bureaucrats are the approving politicians, and beyond them are the Canadian voters who, out of ignorance, apathy or greed, elect this sort of politician There are also the true outsiders, chiefly U S. economic interests (Mowat's anti-Americanism at times degenerates into a kind of consuming bigotry), who have come over the border and seduced and bribed the naive Canadians into selling out their Northern treasures for, figuratively, a handful of beads

While this unholy combine has caused environmental havoc, says Mowat, he is as much alarmed and incensed by what the exploiters have done to the native people, the Indians and the Eskimos—the Dene and the Inuit. He says they have been callously reduced in numbers, degraded, and dispossessed of their resources and rights. And this, he says, is not only a flaming injustice but stupidity as well, because these are the people who are the most knowledgeable and capable when it comes to living in harmony with the Northern environment.

Such forceful opinions have made the sometimes amiable writer of funny stories one of the most controversial characters in the North. A dependable way to get in a brawl in what Mowat calls "redneck" bars in that enormous if thinly populated area of Canada is to suggest that Farley Mowat may have some good points. Among the printable names he is called are publicity seeker, muck raker and Hardly Knowit

Yet it is difficult to dispute Mowat's fundamental thesis—that both Canada and the U S. have used these Northern lands as natural warehouses to be exploited as needed The argument now is not whether this has occurred but whether it should continue. There are those who claim the North is a fine place for extractive operations because it is not good for much else If we need to rip up the countryside for pipelines and petroleum products, the argument goes, it is better to do so in the Mackenzie River Valley, where only a few trees, scrubby plants, suspicious wolves and unproductive natives will be disturbed, than, say, in the Mississippi Valley, which is chock full of cities, towns, farms, consumers and voters

Farley Mowat feels otherwise and he feels so passionately, and he makes a spirited and pugnacious argument for his outspoken views in *The Great Betrayal* END

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

SENIOR CITIZEN

Does George Allen like older players because the Redskin coach is four years older than he says he is? According to a transcript from Michigan Normal College (now Eastern Michigan University) in Ypsilanti, Allen was born on April 29, 1918, not 1922 as listed in the Redskin press guide.

The guide also omits the fact that Allen attended Michigan Normal for three years before moving on to Alma College. At Michigan Normal, Allen was mostly a C student, although he did get an A in physical training. A classmate recalls that Allen was nothing in football, but every Sunday he would listen to the radio and chart the pro games while others were trying to study.

HOODLUM

A figure from boxing's criminal past surfaced in Philadelphia last week. Frank (Blinky) Palermo, onetime numbers racketeer, fight manager, fixer, convicted extortionist and henchman of the late Frankie Carbo, the Murder Inc. gunman who became the underworld boss of boxing during the 1940s and '50s, applied to the Pennsylvania Athletic Commission for a license to manage. The application is scheduled for a hearing Jan. 23 and, oddly enough, Howard McCall, the commission chairman and a former trainer, appears sympathetic. "I never had any trouble with Blinky," McCall says.

In his heyday under Carbo, Palermo had a large stable of fighters, including lightweight champion Ike Williams, whose purses he stole. In 1959 Los Angeles promoter Jackie Leonard was brutally beaten after testifying before the California State Athletic Commission that Palermo and Carbo had attempted to muscle in on half of the earnings of welterweight champion Don Jordan. As a result of this case, Palermo and Carbo were tried and convicted in federal court in 1961 of conspiracy and extortion. Carbo, who got 25 years, died in a federal pen two years ago, and Palermo, who got 15 years, was paroled in 1971.

Palermo's lawyer argues that his client, now 71, has been "completely rehabilitated" and should therefore be licensed. It is one thing to give gainful employment to an ex-con; it would be quite another thing to grant a license, which is a privilege, to Palermo, whose record of corruption is unequaled in boxing.

DOWN THE RIVER

One by one, the historic trout streams of New York's Catskill Mountains, where dry-fly fishing began in the United States, have been disfigured. New York City drowned a storied stretch of the Neversink for a water-supply reservoir, and cut the summer flow of Schoharie Creek to nothing with the construction of a dam. The state highwaymen straitjacketed portions of the Willowemoc and the Beaverkill with cement and steel to build the new Route 17. Now fishermen, led by Trout Unlimited, the Federation of Fly Fishermen, the Theodore Gordon Flyfishers and the Catskill Center for Conservation and Development, are up in arms over a threat to Esopus Creek.

One of the few blue-ribbon streams remaining within reach of thousands of anglers in the New York metropolitan area, the Esopus supports a large wild trout population, including a remarkable run of rainbows. The key 11.9-mile stretch is estimated to contain as many as 11,000 wild fish per mile. Alas, the state Power Authority plans to put a pumped storage hydroelectric plant on the Schoharie Reservoir. Opponents argue that the Esopus, which gets a life-giving infusion of cold water from the reservoir, would be irreparably damaged by turbidity and warm water caused by constant fluctuation of the reservoir water levels as a result of the plant operation.

The state Department of Environmental Conservation, which could help make the Power Authority shift the plant elsewhere, is studying the matter. Some fishermen are hopeful, but in the past the timid department has not only sold fishermen down the river, it has left them up the creek.

SHORT STUFF

Composer Randy Newman's hit song, *Short People*, which tells of short people's "little cars that go 'Beep, beep, beep', their little voices going 'Peep, peep, peep'; their grubby little fingers and their dirty little minds; short people are going to get you every time," has been banned in some places because of protests by the lower echelon. But at Bowie racetrack in Maryland, the song is big with jockeys.

"My sister-in-law gave me the album for Christmas," says Rudy Turcotte, 5′ 1½″. "My 4-year-old daughter has learned the words by heart. I like it." Asked if he wished he were tall, Chris McCarron, 5′ 3″, replies, "If I was, I wouldn't be making $200,000 a year." Vince Bracciale, 5′ 2½″ in his socks, says, "I like the song. It has brought a lot of attention to short people." Summing it up



for the jockeys, McCarron says, "We may be considered short in the world, but we ride tall in the saddle."

ZERO-BASED BUDGETING

Working from financial data disclosed in lawsuits and from other sources, FANS, Ralph Nader's new consumer group for sports enthusiasts, figures that the 28 NFL teams will average nearly $4 million in gross profits next season, earning $11.95 million and paying out $8.02 mil-

continued

lion. "There is no conceivable justification for any NFL team raising ticket prices over at least the next several years," says Peter Gruenstein, FANS executive director.

By FANS' estimate, the $5.8 million in team income from the sale of network and local broadcast rights will exceed ticket revenues by $650,000. Given the guaranteed broadcast income and the fact that each NFL team gets 40% of the gate at away games, Gruenstein says an NFL team could, in theory, draw "a total home attendance of zero next year without suffering a loss."

That is certainly good news for Buffalo.

PROTECTION

The Cincinnati Stingers of the WHA have re-signed tough guy Willie Trognitz, who was released a couple of weeks ago. Trognitz, who now has a contract for the rest of the season, was suspended for life six weeks ago by the International Hockey League for working over an opponent with his stick (SI, Nov. 28, 1977). The Stingers are also giving a 10-day trial to Bruce Grieg, a left winger who doesn't seem to have much going for him beyond his size (6′4″, 217 pounds) and a reputation for being able to police the ice.

Jacques Demers, the Stinger coach, says the club made the moves to protect its better players. He says, "We won't be intimidated anymore." But Robbie Ftorek, one of the better players, isn't sure he wants this kind of protection. "If they just go out to fight, it isn't going to be beneficial," he says.

CALL OF THE WILD

Bradford Angier, author of *Living off the Country, Survival with Style, Bobcats before Breakfast, We Like It Wild, Edible Wild Plants* and *The Master Backwoodsman*, lives in a condominium.

NOT QUITE CRICKET

Anyone who has been appalled by unruly fan behavior in this country should take a look at soccer fans in Great Britain, who are straight out of *A Clockwork Orange*. In a recent game between Manchester City and Leeds United, the hometown Leeds fans began throwing beer cans at City Goalie Joe Corrigan after their team fell behind, 2–0. When it became obvious that Leeds United was going to lose, fans poured onto the field, and order was not restored until mounted police drove the invaders back into the stands. The Football Association is investigating and as punishment may shut down the stadium, Elland Road, for the second time in four years.

On the same day as the incident in Leeds, fans at a game in Exeter invaded the field and then went roaring through that cathedral city, hurling bottles, bricks and beer cans through windows.

Fan violence in Britain has gotten steadily worse. Those accompanying teams to games on the Continent are notorious. Three teams—Leeds United, Manchester United and Glasgow Rangers—have been barred from European competition at one time or another because of rioting by their supporters.

Despite the presence of police, the hiring of special security guards to frisk fans for bottles, studded leather belts and other potential weapons, and the construction of fences to separate supporters of opposing teams, the casualty rates are often high. In the fighting that followed Scotland's victory over Wales in Liverpool last year, one man died and 50 others were hospitalized for stabbings, bottle lacerations of the face and other injuries. Seventy-five Scots—and Scots are considered the rowdiest fans of all—were arrested for drunkenness, theft and other offenses. One was fined the equivalent of $1,000 for smashing up his hotel bedroom and his police cell.

By defeating Wales, Scotland qualified to play in the World Cup tournament to be held in Argentina this summer, and those partisans who make the trip may well continue their rowdyism there. A best-selling lapel button reads ARGENTINA, WE'LL MAKE YOU CRY.

PATS' BAD BOY

John Hannah, the Patriots' outstanding guard, received the Mack Bulldog Award last week as the top offensive lineman in pro football. Curiously, Hannah was not selected to play in this year's Pro Bowl, for which the coaches do the voting. Hannah, who walked out on the Pats for three games last season during a contract dispute, explains that "Bad little boys in the NFL don't get picked for the Pro Bowl."

POLS' POLL

Incensed at polls that ranked Notre Dame the No. 1 college football team in the country and Alabama No. 2, the Alabama House and Senate created by joint resolution last week their own top 10. In the pols' poll, the Crimson Tide is No. 1, followed in order by Notre Dame, Arkansas, Texas, Oklahoma, Michigan, Kentucky, Penn State, Ohio State and Pittsburgh.

The House also adopted a resolution forming a special committee to rate teams after each season. The committee is to be composed of three members each from the House and Senate, the speaker of the House and the lieutenant governor. None can be a graduate of Notre Dame.

RAZOR SHARP

Frank Broyles, who was an excellent football coach at Arkansas, may be even better as athletic director. Last year he hired Lou Holtz to coach football, and the Razorback team went 11–1, including its dramatic upset of No. 2-ranked Oklahoma in the Orange Bowl. Three years before, Broyles had hired Eddie Sutton to coach basketball, and that team went 26–2 in 1976-77. That adds up to 37–3 for the top "revenue" sports. And so far this season the basketball team is 14–1.

WINNER

Peter Hanowell of Clarkston, Wash. is great at picking winners in football. He won the contest conducted by the Lewiston, Idaho *Morning Tribune* by beating 600 other entrants. He correctly predicted the winners of 11 of 14 college and pro games and scored a perfect 10 for 10 in the college bowl games, with such way-out choices as Notre Dame by 27 over Texas and Washington by seven over Michigan.

Hanowell's method is simplicity itself. He first selects the teams he thinks will win, and then he points to numbers on a list to pick the point margin. Primitive? Yes, but it works for this 4-year-old boy.

THEY SAID IT

• A. Bartlett Giamatti, president-designate of Yale University and a fervent Red Sox fan: "All I ever wanted to be president of was the American League."

• Woody Hayes, Ohio State football coach, asked about the possibilities of his retirement next month when he turns 65: "I won't quit. When I do leave, I'll die on the 50-yard line at Ohio Stadium, in front of the usual 87,000 people." Even if Ohio State isn't winning? "If we aren't, then I won't die." **END**

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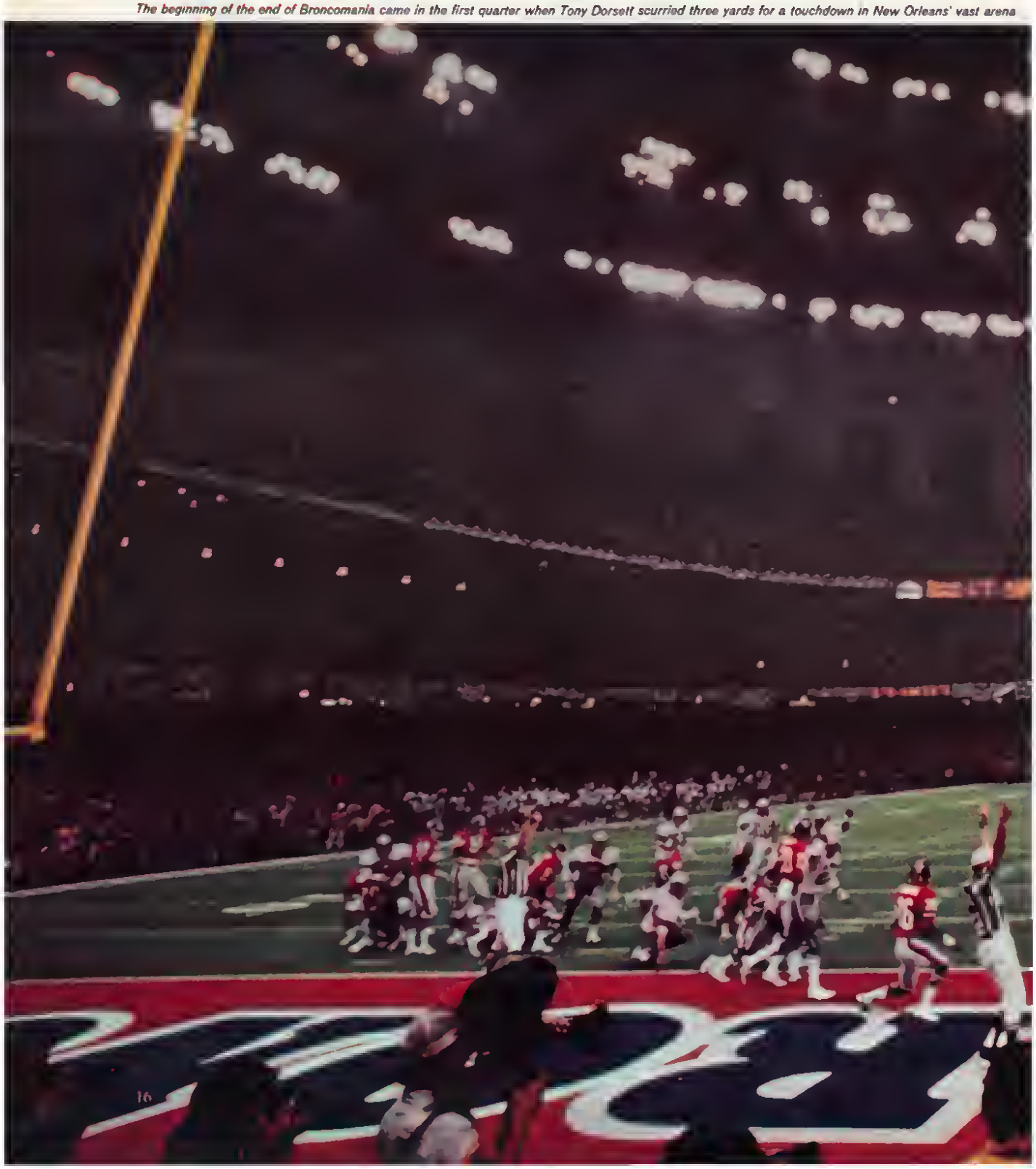
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Sports Illustrated
JANUARY 23, 1978

DOOMSDAY IN

The beginning of the end of Broncomania came in the first quarter when Tony Dorsett scurried three yards for a touchdown in New Orleans' vast arena

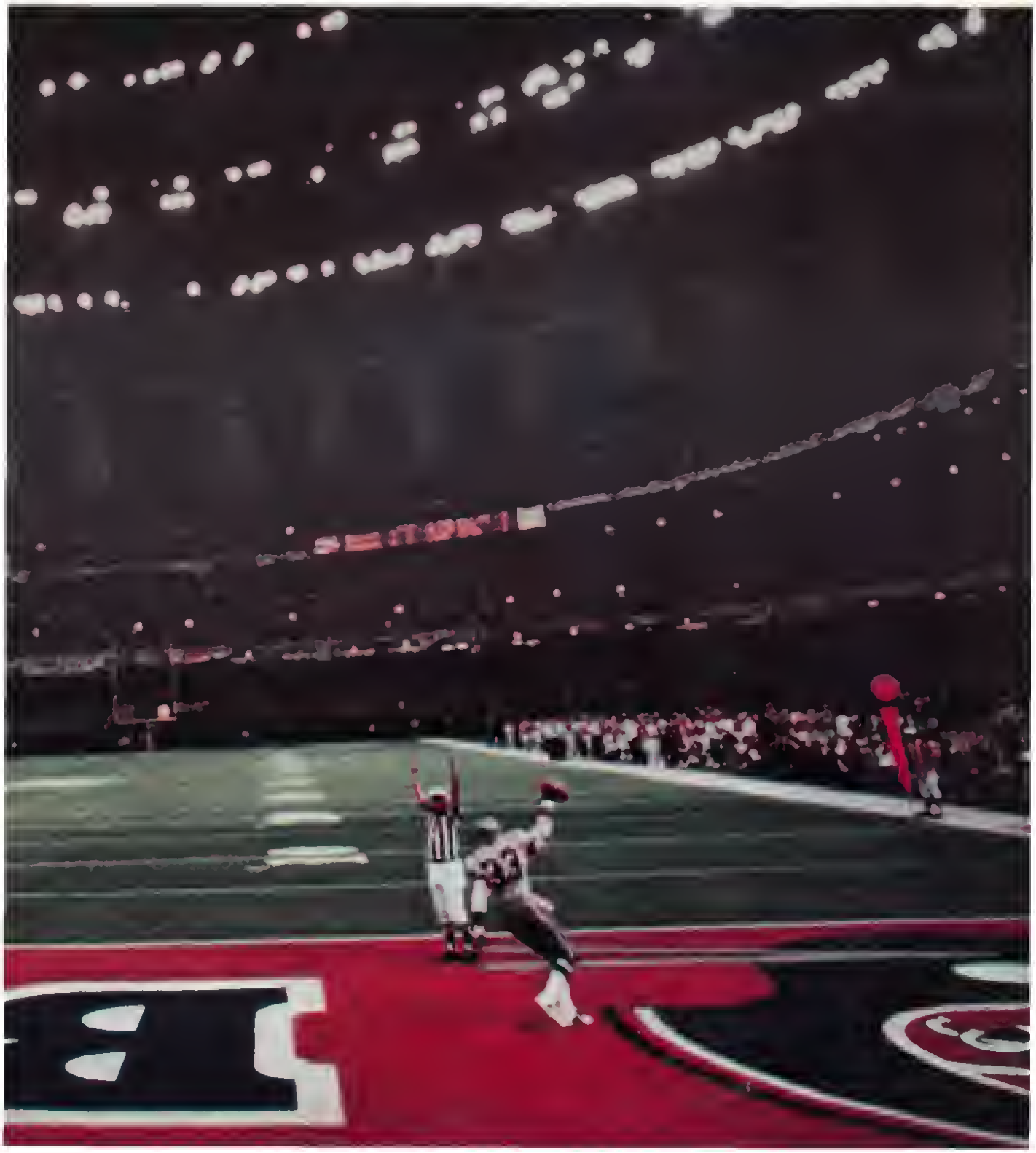


THE DOME

That ferocious Dallas defense forced and recovered four Denver fumbles and intercepted four passes as the Cowboys belted the Broncos in the Super Bowl

by **DAN JENKINS**

CONTINUED



As Super Bowls go, the one played indoors last Sunday in New Orleans was way up there for mosts—it had the most fumbles, the most hitting, the most noise, the most penalties, the most tricky plays, and no doubt the most Xs and Os stamped on a coach's forehead, as Dallas' Tom Landry nailed Denver's Red Miller to a blackboard and left him there. And when last seen, the Cowboys' two biggest heroes, Randy White and Harvey Martin, were still lecturing the State of Colorado on the mysteries of the flex defense. As a final gesture of victory, another Cowboy star, Linebacker Tom Henderson, went prancing down the field as the last seconds flashed off and jumped up and stuffed a football over the crossbar. Maybe he thought it was Craig Morton's right arm.

Harassed and humiliated by the Cowboy rush, Morton had to be replaced by the more mobile Weese



The score was Dallas 27 and Denver 10, as the National Conference finally captured one of these things after five straight failures, and it seemed that close only if you were sitting on the Denver side of the Superdome. Actually, Dallas jumped into a 10–0 lead in the first quarter and after that the margin was never less than 10 points, even when Denver finally held on to the football long enough to put a few drives together. All the while, it was a case of the Cowboys doing just about whatever they wished on offense, and so thoroughly confusing the Broncos with their Doomsday II defensive genius and manpower and quickness that the Bronco assistant coaches upstairs on the headphones must have sounded as though they were under a *Kamikaze* attack as they screamed down to the field with their guesses and remedies for poor Craig and poor Red.

The Broncos had the same flaming emotion that had carried them so stunningly into Super Bowl XII in the first place, but the Cowboys had everything else—the more gifted athletes, certainly the superior quarterback in Roger Staubach, who has now won as many Super Bowls (two) as Bart Starr, Bob Griese and Terry Bradshaw—and all of the smarts. Dallas was so much the better team it could even overcome getting too caught up in its own expertise and flimflam in the second quarter. If the Cowboys had taken advantage of all the Denver turnovers, the 76,400 in the audience would have deserted the Superdome for Bourbon Street long before they announced the Punt, Pass and Kick winners.

The Broncos never did come close to figuring out the flex defense and all of the stunts and blitzes that go with it. Led by Too Mean Harvey Martin and Too Strong Randy White, the Cowboys' front four put so much pressure on Morton that he set a Super Bowl record for interceptions (four) before the first half had even ended. And this was the quarterback who had been intercepted only eight times in 14 regular-season games. By the middle of the third quarter, Morton was on the sidelines, having been replaced by obscure backup Norris Weese.

One had to feel sorrow for Morton, who was also a Super Bowl loser as the Cowboy quarterback in 1971. For one thing, he had done so much to make the Broncos a miracle story during the season and the playoffs. For another, he was a good friend of many of his Sunday en-

emies, and he and Roger Staubach had even hugged one another after the opening flip of the coin. Dallas won that, too.

While the Cowboy defense was the dominant force in the game, Dallas was not without its celebrities on offense. Staubach had a fine day, hitting 19 passes out of 28 for 182 yards. Tony Dorsett, until a knee injury put him out late in the third quarter, was among the big things Denver did not have—a runner who could scare you to death. He gained 66 yards in the first half, 22 more than the entire Denver team. And Butch Johnson made a diving catch of a Staubach bomb for a third-quarter touchdown that will have to go into the scrapbooks alongside Super Bowl catches by Max McGee, Lynn Swann and Fred Biletnikoff.

The final insult came in the fourth quarter after the last important Dallas sack—Hi, Harvey—caused the last of Denver's four fumbles, this one, too, giving the Cowboys the ball at just about the spot where they appeared to have leased a condominium. On the Broncos' 29-yard line. On the next play, Landry sent in a bit of business called, if you can believe it, "Brown right formation, X opposite shift, toss 38, halfback lead, fullback pass to Y."

What it called for was a Staubach hand-off to Robert Newhouse, who would pretend to run a sweep to his left. But what Newhouse would really do was stop all of a sudden and hurl a deep pass to Golden Richards, who would by then be racing behind the confused Bronco secondary. Dallas performed the maneuver exquisitely. Newhouse's pass was on the mark, and Richards, who wasn't all that wide open but managed to outmaneuver two Denver defenders, cradled it in as he was entering the end zone.

Well, even if Newhouse threw as many touchdown passes as Staubach did, it was Roger's constant pecking that caused such grief to the Bronco defense. Denver lusts to hit people, just as the Cowboys do, but first you have to find them, and Staubach was constantly motioning, screening, zoning, shotgunning, trapping and keeping the hitters off-balance.

Staubach also had some good advice for Butch Johnson on the 45-yard touchdown pass that put the Cowboys up by 20–3. This particular Dallas play had a somewhat simpler name: Spread orange left, ray 15. But before he said any of that, Staubach told Johnson, "Don't run the in-pattern, run the post." Staubach's logic was that Denver Defensive Back Bernard Jackson, who would be covering, sometimes gambled to the strong side and maybe Butch could beat him the other way. He did. Johnson dropped the ball as he tumbled into the end zone, but as the reruns clearly showed—happily for the zebras—he had retained possession just long enough.

"Roger told me to run a good post, and the rest is history," said Butch Someone said, "It looked spectacular." And Butch said, "It was."

However, members of the Dallas defense had more reason to talk than anyone else.

Martin, who devoured Denver Tackle Andy Maurer like so much barbecued shrimp, said, "He stopped me short in the first half, but I gave him some different

continued

Dallas had victory in its grasp when Johnson outmaneuvered Jackson for a 45-yard touchdown pass



looks and went inside on him a lot. Orange Crush is soda water, baby. You drink it. It don't win football games."

White, who dined on so many platters of Denver Guard Tom Glassic on the half shell, said, "We knew pressuring Craig was the key and it was all on our shoulders. We wanted it."

And then there was the gesturing Henderson, who added, "I'm sorry they took Morton out. I wanted him to throw me a couple."

One of the more amazing aspects of the game is that the score was not 35–0 for Dallas at the end of the first half. Denver committed enough crimes against itself to do a life term in Leavenworth. When Morton wasn't throwing the ball directly into a white Cowboy jersey, one of his own receivers would give it away after he caught it. Not only did the Broncos lose the ball in these normal ways, they once lost it on what was supposed to be a punt return, when the ball bounced off John Schultz' headgear as he tried to block for Rick Upchurch. Yep, it hit him in the head. Once more a Cowboy wound up with the football.

Why didn't the Cowboys do more with all these boners? Maybe it was because of their own sophistication. Ahead 13–0 early in the second quarter after Dorsett's touchdown and two field goals by Efren Herrera, they became a bit too cutesy when they got down in scoring range. It was as if they had already learned that whatever they wanted to do would work, so they decided they would show the Broncos what a real mosaic of an offense looked like. Staubach put everyone but Landry in motion, ran misdirection pass routes, tried throwing across the field and against the flow and screening—all those things—and in the end Herrera would wind up missing another field goal. He missed three, in fact, for the day.

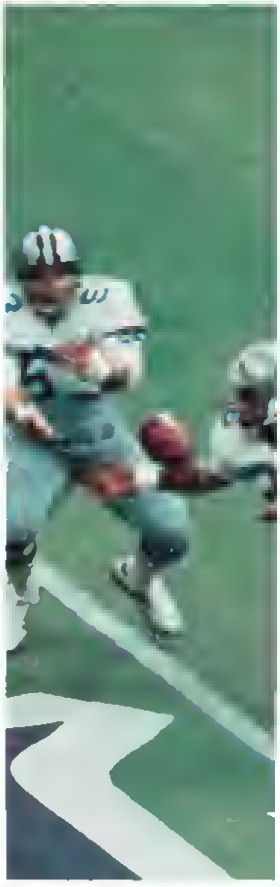
On the other hand, one possible reason for all this flimflam was that the Cowboys could not use their preferred double-tight-end attack when in scoring position because backup Tight End Jay Saldi didn't dress for the game as a result of a calf injury.

Before the Cowboys were able to turn Denver's first two turnovers into 10 points, they had to overcome some sloppiness of their own. Tony Hill foolishly attempted to field a Denver punt near his goal line. He fumbled it away, but the Cowboys got lucky when Aaron Kyle

continued

THE EIGHT TURNOVERS THAT RUINED THE BRONCOS





1) Randy Hughes clutches the interception that set up the first TD





8) This time Kyle somersaults with the ball after scooping up Weese's fumble



2) Aaron Kyle prepares to pick off another pass.



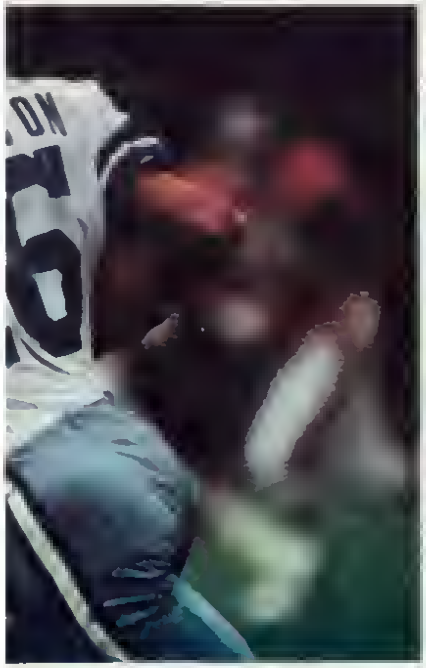
3) Benny Barnes cradles yet another errant pass.



4) Bruce Huther exults over his fumble recovery



5) Charlie Waters' heavy hit forces Dolbin to cough up the ball after a rare Denver completion



7) Mark Washington trots off with his interception



6) The Cowboys strip the ball from Odoms after a completion, and Hughes came along to get it



Staubach's dexterity confounded the Broncos

SUPER BOWL *continued*

outscrambled a herd of Broncos for the ball at the one. Morton's first interception came shortly thereafter, when Waters and White forced him to throw a horrible wobbler that Randy Hughes intercepted on the Bronco 25. Very quickly, Staubach hit Tight End Billy Joe DuPree for 13 yards, and then Dorsett took over. He ran for six, then one, and finally skittered off left tackle for a touchdown, standing up.

The next time Morton got the football, it was time for him to meet Too Tall Jones. The towering end pressured Morton into throwing another nowhere-in-particular pass. Bob Breunig tipped it, Kyle intercepted it and Dallas had it on the Denver 35. Newhouse ran for nine yards, then Dorsett zipped for 18 more around right end to give the Cowboys a first down at the Bronco eight. When a pass failed and Staubach was sacked, Herrera kicked a 36-yard field goal to make it 10–0.

The Cowboys earned their next three points by driving all of 32 yards following a punt. Starting at the Cowboy 43, Staubach tossed a screen pass to Preston Pearson for 11 yards, and Newhouse made a tough seven, but the Cowboys ultimately were stalled at the Denver 25. Herrera hit the 43-yard field goal early in the second quarter.

After this, the Cowboys turned a succession of opportunities into a succession of zeroes. By one way or another—which do you prefer, a fumble or an interception?—the Cowboys took over at their 40, and then at Denver's 40, 27, 28 and 35, and what they failed to accomplish with all of Landry's subtleties did as much as anything to keep Denver alive at the half, trailing only 13–0.

In the opening series of the third quarter, Denver forgot to fumble or give up an interception and quickly cut Dallas' lead to 13–3, when Jim Turner booted a 47-yard field goal. But just when the Broncomaniacs were getting their orange up, Staubach countered with the touchdown bomb to Johnson that put the Cowboys on top 20–3.

Still, Denver was not dead—yet. Rick Upchurch took Herrera's kickoff and returned it to the Dallas 26, a Super Bowl record of 67 wiggling, weaving yards. On first down a retreating Morton threw a screen pass directly into the hands of Too Tall Jones, but Too Tall obligingly dropped it. Nevertheless, this convinced Miller that it was not Morton's day.

Out came Morton and in trotted Weese, who runs better than he throws. At least he was an improvement over Morton, who wasn't throwing well and couldn't run at all. Four plays later Weese had the Broncos in the end zone, Rob Lytle covering the final yard for the touchdown, and Denver was back to within 10 points at 20–10.

End of rally. Newhouse wrote finis to Denver's special season when he lofted his 29-yard surprise to Richards to give the Cowboys their 27–10 victory and their second Super Bowl championship—both, incidentally, won in New Orleans.

All week long, people who fancied the Cowboys had kept trying to prove that Denver was not very good. Look how the Broncos came out of the gate, they said. Jim Bakken missed four field goals for St. Louis in the opener. Then the Broncos got Buffalo, Seattle and Kansas City, pure dogs. Four-and-0. Then Ken Stabler threw seven interceptions. Then they got Ken Anderson hurt when they beat Cincinnati, and after a loss to Oakland, they caught the Steelers arguing among themselves and partly banged up. By then, Denver had confidence—and a 7-and-1 record. And when you *think* you're good, well, that's half of it.

The man who made the Broncos think they were good was Miller, who wound up the regular season with an orange telephone, an orange radio, an orange toilet seat, an orange shower curtain and an orange Christmas tree. "Winning is in the mind of the player," Miller said repeatedly. "We're a team of destiny."

Mainly, the Broncos were a team of defense, especially at linebacker. One of them, Bob Swenson, talked about what had come over them all, since the good defense was there before Red Miller took over from John Ralston, who resigned last January.

"Red got us to go to the ball," Swenson said. "We're like a bunch of piranhas. After last year it had just gotten to the point where Ralston had to go, and everybody knew it. The team would go into a room to watch films, and as soon as the lights were out, about half a dozen guys would stretch out in the aisles and go to sleep. All of us owe a lot to those 12 guys who stuck their necks out to get rid of Ralston. Red's a great coach and everything, but just about anybody would have been an improvement over what we had."

Swenson came to Denver as a free agent, and he believes his success and Denver's—with 14 free agents, including four starters—says something about the intelligence-gathering of the National Football League and its pretense of being so thorough. "The draft is bull," Swenson said. "The scouts for most of the teams are 100 years old, and most of them don't know what they're doing. I went to school at Berkeley, and most of the NFL scouts think the students are still rioting in the streets out there. They didn't want to look at me."

One thing the Broncos wanted very much to look at was what they had assumed would be the Super Bowl "insanity." They had expected pretty much of a party atmosphere and they eagerly looked forward to it. Unfortunately, the Broncos never got to experience it, to join all the other Bourbon Street crawlers, because Miller instituted a midnight curfew starting on Tuesday, the day after they arrived. In contrast, Landry turned the Cowboys loose until Thursday. His reason: "You've got to trust and respect your players."

Denver's Maurer found time to complain about the lack of frivolity. "Most of us are disappointed, I'd say. We were looking for all the distractions we had heard about. We kept asking, 'Where is it?' Finally, we said, 'This is the Super Bowl?' Hell, we have more fun than this in Denver."

It seems that one of the two Super Bowl teams always winds up being disappointed in the hotel accommodations. This time, both squads were in hotels at the airport (selected by the NFL), and of

the two, the Broncos felt that theirs was the poorer. They complained of numerous cockroach sightings, and at one point no fewer than 11 Broncos got stuck in an elevator.

For its part, the Cowboy organization had learned from past experience—a Super Bowl victory over Miami in 1972 and losses to Baltimore in '71 and Pittsburgh in '76—that too much time can be squandered unless someone is there to take care of every little detail. Things like getting a car for a player or a plane reservation for his wife, or a dinner reservation for a distant cousin at Moran's or Antoine's. Thus, Dallas had a special squad of people assigned to do nothing but conquer the French Quarter. The organization set up an elaborate office with seven secretaries who were there to do nothing more than handle player requests, and those of Cowboy owner Clint Murchison, General Manager Tex Schramm, Landry and their pals. If Harvey Martin wanted to go to the King Tut exhibition to see what a real mummy looked like, as opposed to those in Pat O'Brien's or Galatoire's, a special secretary handled it. The Cowboys also were prepared to get tickets, sometimes in huge quantity, for any friend of the Texans'. They even had a team acupuncturist in town.

By reputation, Denver was supposed to be the looser team, but at their press sessions the Cowboys seemed more relaxed—or less formal. At those affairs, which are covered by all sorts of representatives of things like the *Passaic Herald-News* and the Grosse Point Crisis Club, men with the Dallas team would shout, "Who wants Charlie Waters?" Off to the side, Doug Todd, the Cowboy public relations director, held his head from the previous night's experiences in the Quarter and recited his current most favorite country and Western lyric: "If the phone don't ring, you'll know it's me."

But all of this was before Harvey and Randy and the Flex, and the words that were spoken by Craig Morton at his own last rites: "They just took away everything we had."

Well, they can't take away those 12 regular-season victories or that AFC championship, Craig. You'll be back. Just hope it's the Minnesota Vikings you find there the next time. Those Dallas Cowboys are *mean*. END



Richards' golden over-the-shoulder catch of a pass from Newhouse ended the Dallas scoring

BIRD HAS THOSE TREES AT THE TOP

Indiana Stete s unbeaten, sixth-ranked Sycamores are the surprise of the college basketball season They found their coach on the retired list and their retiring star, 6' 9" Forward Larry Bird, on a garbage truck in French Lick **by LARRY KEITH**

The small southern Indiana community of French Lick has been a mite upset recently. According to Mrs Georgia Bird, who works part time at Flick's Restaurant downtown and ought to know, "Everybody is moaning and groaning" because her son Larry, who plays up the road in Terre Haute, is not leading the country in scoring

It is no wonder that Bird, a junior forward at Indiana State, and his points per game are the subjects of constant concern among the 2,059 folks in French Lick He is the town's celebrity, having gone in the last couple of years from driving a garbage truck and hunting mushrooms thereabouts to playing basketball in Bulgaria and getting his picture on magazine covers in Italy, not to mention the U S of A Bird was the top scorer for a while this season, but his average has dropped a bit lately, and folks are naturally wondering if something is wrong. Maybe he should practice shooting a rubber ball through a bottomless coffee can again, the way he did as a kid.

Well, you can relax, French Lick, because Bird is going through a little slump, that's all He said so himself last week, and you know Larry, he wouldn't be saying a word to anybody if there was a serious problem After all, a 29.8 average isn't that bad (he is still fourth in the country) when you consider the double coverage he has been getting both on and off the court Larry even says he'd be happy with just two points a game if Indiana State keeps on winning

A winning team is precisely what Bird promised in 1975 when he decided to return to college and play basketball for the Sycamores. "Indiana State may not be very good right now," he told Assistant Coach Bill Hodges, "but it will be when I get there."

Because he was technically a transfer from Indiana University, which he had attended briefly in 1974, Bird could not make good immediately on his pledge. He redshirted during the 1975-76 season, and the Sycamores went 13–12 But last year Bird averaged 33 points and 13 rebounds a game and led Indiana State to a 25–3 record, the best in the school's history In recognition of these accomplishments, the Sycamores were invited to the NIT, where they lost in the first round to Houston, and Bird received a letter of congratulations from the man who almost became his coach, Indiana's Bobby Knight.

This season Indiana State is doing even better. By defeating Tulsa 78–59 and Drake 92–80 last week, the Sycamores raised their record to 12–0, took the lead in the Missouri Valley Conference and threatened to improve on their No. 6 national ranking As for Bird—despite a 45-point outburst at Drake that came within two of his career high—his scoring





Forward Harry Morgan (left) is a 20-point man and Center DeCarsta Webster (far right) is

and rebounding (11.6, 18th best nationally) figures are down a little from last season, but he continues to be just about the best-passing, quickest-thinking and smoothest-operating big man in the country. Bird plays with instinct and intelligence, moving adroitly without the ball, following his shots and making important steals. He is a complete player.

Indiana State's rapid rise with Bird follows a familiar pattern in college basketball. Every season seems to produce an upstart from nowhere making fast tracks to somewhere. Jacksonville did it with Artis Gilmore, Southwestern Louisiana with Dwight Lamar, Austin Peay with Fly Williams and, just last season, North Carolina-Charlotte with Cornbread Maxwell. Even though the Sycamores were a college division team as recently as 1971 and suffered consecutive losing seasons in 1974 and '75, they have a long tradition that those other surprise teams lacked. Since Indiana State began keeping statistics in 1923, all but one of its coaches have had winning career records, including one John R. Wooden, who worked there in 1947 and '48.



Sore knees drove Bob King off the New Mexico bench. Now he has the choice seat in Terre Haute

Indiana State's present coach, 54-year-old Bob King, is continuing that custom, although five years ago it seemed he would never coach again. He had quit the profession in 1972 after building New Mexico into a national power with 10 straight winning seasons and four postseason tournament appearances. But along the way he also developed a knee ailment that caused such acute pain that he had to be driven from the dressing room to the playing floor in a golf cart. Even today, after operations on both knees, he stands slightly bowlegged and walks stiffly. "It was obvious I couldn't do the job as a coach anymore, so I quit and became an associate athletic director," King says. When he was passed over for the athletic director's job at New Mexico in 1974, King decided his best prospects lay elsewhere. He applied for and got the athletic directorship at Indiana State.

"I was told my main concerns should

continued





a solid rebounder, but Bird is best, leading in both categories with averages of 29.8 and 11.6

be getting the school into a conference, moving the football team into Division I and developing a winning basketball team," King says. The last item on that list was particularly important, because the Sycamores had just begun playing in the new Hulman Center, where a successful team would be needed to fill the 10,220 seats. Following the school's second straight 12–14 season in 1975, the administration decided the best way to meet that requirement was to get Gordon Stauffer to resign and make King the coach. Mission accomplished. In 2½ seasons King has fashioned a 50–15 record and a 29-game home-court winning streak, and attracted an average attendance at Hulman of 9,155. "Actually it was a lot harder at New Mexico than it was here," King says. "That really took some doing, but with so many good players in this part of the country, we should be able to have winning teams."

Appropriately, the very first recruiting trip made by King's assistants, Hodges and Stan Evans, was 90 miles to French Lick and Bird's front door. The doorstep was as far as they got: Larry was not at home and his mother refused to let the coaches come in. Hodges still recalls Mrs. Bird standing behind the screen saying, "Why are you bothering him? He doesn't want to go to school. Leave him alone."

The two coaches were not about to leave Bird alone. They cruised around town looking for their recruit, knowing full well there could not be too many 6′ 9″ teen-agers in French Lick. Sure enough, they found him coming out of a laundromat with his grandmother. "We went to his grandmother's house and talked for an hour," says Hodges. "Even though he didn't agree to come to Indiana State until a week later, I felt sure then that he would."

Probably the happiest person about all of this was Mrs. Bird, who had wanted Larry to attend Indiana State when the school's previous coaching staff had visited him the year before. "Larry was pressured into going to Indiana by people in town who wanted him to play in the Big Ten," she says. "I was dying to say to Bobby Knight, 'Why don't you leave him alone, he doesn't want you,' but I never did. Then, when Coach Hodges came the next year, it was like an answer to a prayer, because I knew Larry had the talent but he wasn't using it. He was hanging around here, working for the town collecting garbage and painting park benches. But Larry wanted me to tell everybody he wasn't available, and I told Coach Hodges just that. The difference was that Indiana State was more persistent than the other schools."

Unlike some players who have transferred from Indiana in recent seasons, Bird's problems were strictly those of a small-town boy unable to adjust to a campus with 33,000 students. Indiana State, which is one-third the size, was more to his liking.

Even so, there were adjustments that had to be made once Bird got to Terre Haute. He could practice but could not play in the games. He had to go to class even though, as he says, "I ain't no genius in school." And finally there was the marriage to a hometown girl that ended in divorce seven months later. But adjust he did.

Despite his success with Indiana State and the U.S. team that won the gold medal at the University Games last summer, Bird remains a country boy. Simple tastes, simple pleasures. Formal to Bird means taking his Caterpillar hat off. When someone asked him what he liked most about his summer with the United States team in Europe, he said, "Landing at the Terre Haute airport when I came home." At the same time, he is sensitive to any suggestion that he is a country bumpkin. "If you call him Goober it really makes him mad," says one of Bird's teammates.

Unlike most athletes today, who strive for recognition as flesh and blood people instead of numbers on a score sheet, Bird only wants to be known as a player. "Basketball is my whole life," he says. "I don't want to talk about the past or the future." Characteristically, he also refuses to discuss what he considers to be "personal stuff, like 'Who's your girl friend?' and 'What does your brother do?' and 'What are you doing tomorrow?' " This strong sense of privacy not only isolates him from nosy strangers but also makes it difficult for him to communicate with the people who are closest to him. "Larry only tells you exactly what he wants you to know," says his mother. "You can't tell him nothing," says Sycamore Forward Harry Morgan. "He's got a head like a brick wall." The Indiana State coaches even seem disinclined to give Bird instruction, much less raise their voices to him.

If Bird is receptive to anyone, it is King. "Whatever Coach King would want me to do, I'd do it," he says. About the only thing King seems to want his star to do is play exactly the way Bird wants to play. Because of Bird's reticence and the close wraps his coach keeps him under, professional scouts, who would love to make Bird a high first-round draft choice at the end of this season, find talking to him even more difficult than other people do. On the few occasions that King has let Bird fly around in the open, he has said only the things the coach would want to hear, such as his most recent pronouncement on the pros: "They ain't got enough money for me."

Bird has led Indiana State in scoring—or tied for the lead—in 36 of the 40 games he has played for the Sycamores. Next comes Morgan, whom Bird calls "the best player on the team." Morgan does average 20 points a game—he is the only other Sycamore in double figures—but talking is the only thing he is better at than Bird. He spews out all manner of opinions, anecdotes and inner feelings, including his disappointment at the fans'

continued

King keeps things hush hush around big Bird



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY MILLAN

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Pall Mall Extra Mild ... 7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



"Liza introduced us to white rum and soda at an Andy Warhol party."

We first met Liza Minnelli at a party Andy Warhol gave for his magazine "Interview." What amazed us about her was that the personality she projects on stage is not an act at all. It's simply Liza. She radiates such warmth and enthusiasm that after an hour of conversation we both felt as if we'd known her all our lives.

During the evening I asked Liza if I could get her a drink and she ordered something I'd never tasted before: white rum and soda. It sounded interesting (Liza has a way of making everything sound interesting) so I tried one. Then my wife tried one. From that moment, white rum and soda has been one of our favorite drinks.

White rum also mixes marvelously with tonic, is fantastic with orange juice and makes a better martini than gin or vodka.

A Warhol party, the start of a friendship with Liza Minnelli and an introduction to white rum.

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disdain of his self-created nickname, Wild Dunk. "I guess it just don't turn nobody on," he laments.

Until the Tulsa game another of Indiana State's strengths was its two centers, 6′ 11″ DeCarsta Webster and seven-foot Richard Johnson, who were combining for 13 rebounds and 11 points a game. Now there is one. Johnson broke his foot by merely running out for pregame practice; he will be in a cast for at least four weeks. Webster is best recognized by his loping pace and the Greek fraternity letters tattooed on his arm. "Kappa Alpha Psi," he explains proudly. "Bill Russell and Wilt Chamberlain are members, too." Maybe so, but you couldn't tell it by reading their arms.

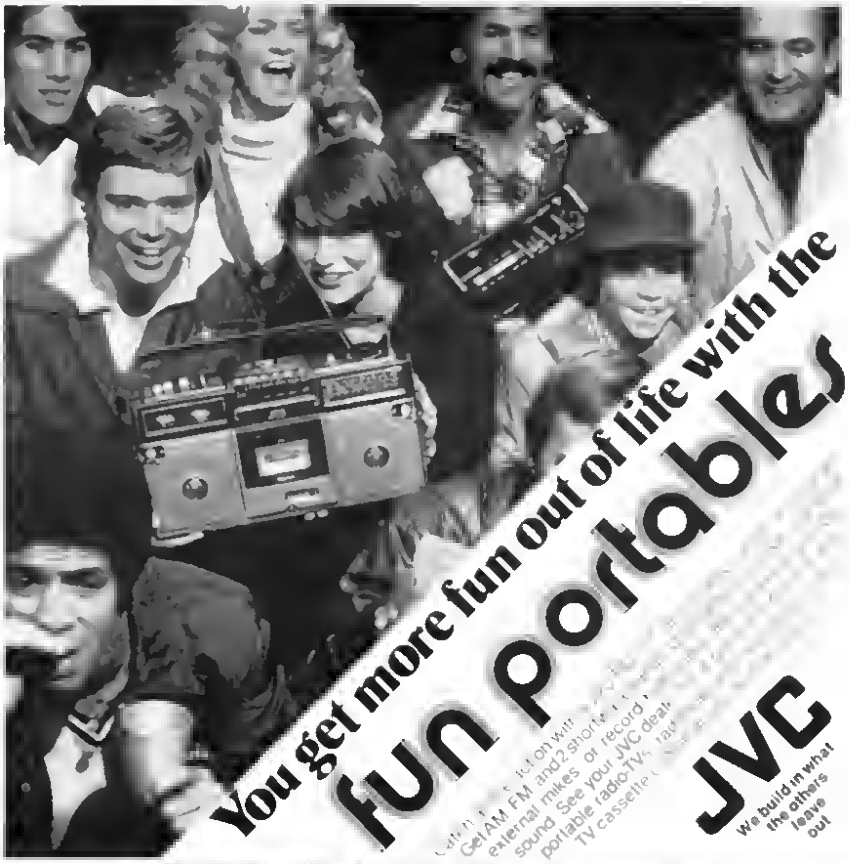
The other starters are Guards Jim Smith, a good penetrator who averages nine assists a game, and Leroy Staley, who has shown occasional scoring ability with five games in double figures, including a high of 22 against Purdue.

In blowing out the Boilermakers 91–63, the Sycamores played their best game of the year and served notice to the state's big schools—Notre Dame and Indiana as well as Purdue—that there is a new power vying to be No. 1 in the eyes of basketball-crazed Hoosiers. Now that Indiana's other teams have all lost three or more games, the Sycamores can make a strong claim to being tops on their home turf, but their national stature seems more difficult to gauge because they have generally played inferior teams the last two seasons. That Indiana State has won so handily—by a margin of more than 22 points a game this year—is impressive, but eight of the victories have been played at home.

Thus it was not surprising that the perils of the Sycamores' first conference road trip gave King considerable concern last week. "This is the most important week in the history of Indiana State basketball," he said. It seemed a strong declaration, considering the five wins Tulsa and Drake had between them, but that's the way King is. "He'll say the same thing next week," an Indiana State fan predicted.

The Sycamore players are confident that the best is still to come. "We're skating a little bit right now," Bird said after the Tulsa game, "but I honestly don't think we'll get beat."

They better not, or there will be a lot of moaning and groaning in French Lick. **END**





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GOING FOR GOLD IN OLD GARMISCH

It will be about the biggest thing to hit town since 1936 when 1,600 athletes and 50,000 spectators whooped it up at the Winter Olympics. Having had a taste of glory, little Garmisch went on to become a major winter resort and now, forty-two years later, its gingerbread architecture supplemented by such modern touches as a McDonald's, the village will host another major winter sports event, the 22nd FIS World Ski Championships. Skiing has become more specialized over the years (in the '36 Games, the downhill winner also won the ski jump), but the rush for gold in the Bavarian Alps next week will be as vigorous as ever. On the following pages is a handicapper's guide to who's who in ski racing—and who might win the medals.

The whiskers and size (5' 4") are camouflage. Sneaky fast Heini Hemmi of Switzerland wins giant slaloms when least expected, as he did at Innsbruck—and hopes to do again.




FILA
3







Seventeen year-old Perrine Pelen of France is considered a rising threat to pull off an upset in the slalom competition





The overall World Cup champion, Lise-Marie Morerod of Switzerland should dominate the slalom and may take the giant slalom as well

Heaviest favorite of all is Ingemar Stenmark (right), the Swedish wonder who has been out of the top three only twice in 26 World Cup slaloms



An all-events man in a world of racing specialists, Klaus Heidegger of Austria is a 20-year-old charger who could surprise any number of oldtimers





Star of the downhill show at Innsbruck, Franz Klammer says that he'll retire after the FIS meet—with another gold medal



Austria's veteran Annemarie Moser-Proell, 24, says she "still has the old fire" and that should be enough to burn the downhill field



Steadily improving Phil Mahre is considered the best U.S. hope for a medal and will make a run for it in both slalom and giant slalom



A CASE OF KLAMMER AND THRONGS

Not to mention Stenmark, Moser-Proell and tiny Heini in the world alpine championships ***by BOB OTTUM***

Here are the main elements of the script for the 1978 world ski championships at Garmisch: Ingemar Stenmark of Sweden will be disqualified when FIS doctors discover that he was secretly assembled with steel bars and rubber bands at a cost of $6 million. And Franz Klammer of Austria will thank everybody for a downhill that is exactly his kind of course. he will lose it through all the tricky bumps and gates at the top—and he will win it back at the bottom by doing 385 mph on the last straightaway. Between these events, the competitors from 18 nations will carry on the business of racing among mortals.

Garmisch is determined to stage a meet stirring enough to hold ski-racing enthusiasts until the 1980 Winter Games at Lake Placid. The setting some 50 miles southwest of Munich should be free of distractions since, as one U.S. racer says, "There's not a whole lot of boogieing at Garmisch." But what the little village lacks in bright lights is more than offset by a brace of first-rate competition sites in the shadow of the Zugspitze.

The men's slalom course, for example, is more than just a snaky, flag-punctuated line down a mountain. The experts who laid it out have installed special problems. The opening section of the course falls away so sharply that the start will be a bit like kicking the competitors off the top of a building. "The first six or eight gates are absolutely straight down," says Hank Tauber, the U.S. alpine director. "After that, the course really starts to pitch and bump and roll. The winners will be the best racing technicians. Then will come the survivors. The rest will be off the course, trying to untangle themselves from the Ovomaltine stands."

Tauber and other team directors already know the best technician among the slalomists. So does the rest of the world. Stenmark will go to Garmisch having already locked up the overall World Cup title with six wins in seven slalom and GS starts, a record unmatched in ski-racing history. Stenmark is a blond 21-year-old of such impenetrable cool that a faint smile represents a wild emotional outburst, much as with countryman Bjorn Borg, and there is a tendency among his opponents to sidle up to him occasionally to see if he's still breathing. Which means handicappers set aside the gold medal for Stenmark, then move on to the rest of the field. "There was too much pressure on him at Innsbruck in '76 when he crashed in the slalom," Tauber says. "But Garmisch represents an intermission in a season already won. He'll probably be entirely relaxed." Either way, nobody but Stenmark will know, and he'll never tell.

Still, with each nation permitted to start four racers in each event, there will be a concentrated attack on the lonely Swede in both slalom and giant slalom from the Austrians, the Swiss—even the Americans. Tops among the technicians capable of beating Stenmark at the right moment is 20-year-old Klaus Heidegger of Austria, who outskied the Swede twice last year on his way to second overall in the World Cup. Heidegger, who finished second in two and won one slalom this season, has been surging ahead since advancing from the B team two years ago and is that rare racer in the Jean-Claude Killy mold, an all-events man.

Carrying the weight for the U.S. men will be Phil Mahre, 20, of White Pass, Wash., Stenmark's opposite in temperament, a stamper and shouter who is building his best season ever, finishing in the top four six times in seven races. Mahre, famed for his dive-bomber descents on the second run of a slalom event, is more and more frequently within split seconds of the leaders. "We're hoping for a medal of some kind from Mahre," Tauber says, cautiously aware of past history in predicting U.S. victories. In truth, however, Tauber is betting so strongly on Mahre in the slaloms that he is considering the risky strategy of turning him loose in the opening event, the downhill. The instructions to Mahre would be something like "Save your Klammer imitations for the party, just finish the race so you can be eligible for the combined title," a little number that Billy Kidd pulled off for a gold medal at the 1970 world meet.

The men's giant slalom course is relatively flat but also fast, a run in which the racers can stay in a tuck, head down and tail up, most of the way. Heidegger won the GS at the championship trials in Garmisch last year and would be a solid favorite this time but for Stenmark, Mahre, Andreas Wenzel of Liechtenstein—and the smallest spoiler of them all, tiny Heini Hemmi of Switzerland. In addition to posing as a Munchkin, Hemmi wins giant slaloms. He took the gold medal at Innsbruck and won three races last season to tie Stenmark for the World Cup GS title.

The little people also are poised to strike in the women's slalom events. Pushing hard to upset overall World Cup champion Lise-Marie Morerod of Switzerland is Perrine Pelen, 17, of France, who makes Steve Cauthen loom like Darth Vader. Abbi Fisher of the U.S., not much bigger, is expected to place well in both slaloms and to make a strong run at the combined. Among the bigger folks will be Liechtenstein's Hanni Wenzel and Cindy Nelson of the U.S., who is picking up steam as the season rolls on.

Meanwhile, back at the downhill courses, here come Klammer and Annemarie Moser-Proell, Austria's finest. If the men's course is ideally suited to Klammer's style—he won there last year, naturally—any old course seems to suit Moser-Proell, the five-time World Cup champ who retired for 20 months but grew weary of not having anybody to intimidate. Handicappers have plenty of candidates to finish behind these two, but they're all Austrians, too. If someone else wins, who knows, there may be a bit of boogieing in Garmisch after all. **END**

EVIL IN THE EYE OF AN OLDER BEHOLDER

The old orb ain't what it used to be, but Ben Finkle once was able to quell man and beast with a steady stare

by PAT PUTNAM

The eye, the one they said conveyed the devil's gift, is more bloodshot now than evil. Ben Finkle was 80 years old last month, and the accumulation of years—plus the terrible drain of half a century of casting maleficent spells—has forced the man they call Evil Eye from the ranks of professional hexers and dumped him among Florida's semi-retired. Ben Finkle is a boxing legend, a rascal who mixed two parts voodoo with one part fraud and lurched through life unburdened by honest labor.

"Unless you want to count the time I was in the Army in World War Deuce," Finkle wheezed the other day between screams at the TV set in a Miami saloon called the Dade Athletic Pub. "But that wasn't no work because they never could get me to march. They just shipped me to Paris where I put the evil eye to work long distance on Hitler and two weeks later the bum blew his brains away. I should of got a medal. Instead they give me a partial disability for falling off a ladder while trying to fix a basketball net. But that's getting ahead of my story and we'll get to that later. When I talk about my life I like it in chrontimatic order."

Normally he is a gentle soul, but on this particular day Finkle's ancient blood had been brought to a boil by watching Baltimore defeat New England, which eliminated the Miami Dolphins from the NFL playoffs. Finkle has lived here and there but has called Miami home since 1928. And while normally he wouldn't cheer for his grandmother to escape from quicksand, he does admit to a weakness for the Dolphins. "Rooters is amateurs," he says. Still, what he considered Baltimore's fluke victory angered him. Mumbling dark incantations, he jabbed a hard-boiled egg into a glass of gin, popped it into his mouth and chewed furiously.

"Them Baltimores is crooks," he said, spewing bits of wet egg onto a vest he long ago robbed from Al Weill. "That bum quarterback loses the ball on the square, them New Englands grab it—and that lousy zebra with the whistle must be the governor of Virginia."

A drunk nearby lifted his head from the bar. "Baltimore is in Maryland."

"I know where it is," Finkle snapped, his eyes glowing fiercely. "I read the *Almanac*, don't I?"

Among the debris that decorates Finkle's small boardinghouse room are *Almanacs* dating back to the 1940s. On page 449 of the 1977 *World Almanac* it tells that in 1874 a 520-foot steel-arch bridge was built across the Mississippi, with one end in St. Louis, where Finkle was born 23 years after the bridge was erected.

His father Hyman, a hardworking Orthodox Jew, managed a small milk store in Kerry Patch, a tough Irish slum. "I was a kosher punk in the trenches full of tough kids with O's in front of their names," says Finkle. "I could fight but I couldn't spell 'ham' until I was 13. Then one day I walked downtown, ate a hot dog and threw up. It wasn't the food, it was a mental thing. The next day I go back for another one and I ain't been home since. My father laid some dough



Do not gaze upon this face too long because The Eye has one or two Triple Whammys left in him

on a rabbi to teach me to read and write Jewish, but he blew the money. I never studied. All I ever read was them Horatio Alger books. I never could figure who I wanted to be Ragged Dick or Tattered Tom."

Finkle opted for selling newspapers. With a starting capital of a couple of pennies, he purchased two papers from a man in an alley, went into the nearest saloon and sold his papers for a nickel each. Saloons, he recalls, were his best markets, not only could he unload his papers, but he also always managed to mooch a free lunch. "You get stuck with a paper, all you had to do was holler extree, and it was sold. You just had to run like hell before the guy started to read. I sold papers all over the country, there ain't a hallway or an alley anywhere I didn't work in. I got the scars to prove it. You could get killed if them circulation goons caught you peddling the wrong sheet. In Chicago I get lucky. A killer named Dion O'Bannion took a liking to me. He was out on parole for murder. The Chicago *Examiner* got him out 'cause they needed a tough street guy. He put out the word that the corner of State and Van Buren was mine. He stayed my good friend until Al Capone shot him full of holes." Finkle signaled the bartender for a refill of gin.

Once he was 5'8" and pudgy, but time and thrift have wizened him to a bony 135 pounds. His gait, never quick, has slowed even more; his hands keep endless time to private music. Once bright coals in beds of pure white, the eyes have grown weak and watery—tired dependents of thin silver bifocals that rest on an awesome hook of a nose. His is the look of an owl with an eagle's beak perched on a coathack.

For social outings, such as funerals and drinking bouts, Finkle lays on his best outfit, one he has been assembling since 1926. It includes a pair of ex-heavyweight champion James J. Braddock's castoff shoes, the Weill vest, which was last cleaned in 1949, and Joe Gould's 1915

continued



Passover suit. The tie was swiped from Joe DiMaggio's locker when someone forgot to guard the door to the Yankee dressing room. The handkerchief was borrowed from Doc Kearns and never returned. When the night is cold, Finkle has two options. Sometimes, underneath all the finery, he wears a pair of pajamas he found in Jack Dempsey's trash can. At other times he wraps himself in a $55 overcoat he swapped one of his fighters for in 1926. "I never could have made no $55 with that fighter," says Finkle. "He stunk. I still got the coat—and the fighter has been dead a long time.

"It takes slick duds like these to dazzle the broads," says Finkle. When it comes to romance, he determined long ago that *flight* is better than matrimony. "I never needed no wife. I knew the most famous madams in the country. Any time a broad mentioned anything like a wedding I always told her, 'Look, what's the use of getting hitched? I don't want to rob you, and I don't want you to rob me. Let's stay good friends—and have you got a sawbuck I can hold until I get well?' "

Finkle's long career in boxing began almost the same day he began peddling newspapers in St. Louis. He got into a debate with another urchin over territorial rights to a saloon. Finkle settled the dispute with a right hand to the nose. Moments later, when someone laid a big hand on his shoulder, he thought it was the law. It was Brooklyn Tommy Sullivan, a St. Louis fight promoter who had once claimed the featherweight championship of the world. In a betting coup for both sides in 1904, Sullivan had "beaten" Abe Attell, then the champion, on a foul. The plan called for Sullivan to give Attell a rematch. But then Sullivan told Attell to drop dead.

"I figured you as a thief," Attell said. "So here's a piece of paper that says our fight was only an exhibition." Four years later Sullivan went after Attell's title on the square and was knocked out in four rounds. Now he was saying to Finkle, "You want to fight as a pro?"

"What I got to do?" said 13-year-old Finkle.

"Fight for money," said Sullivan.

"I got nothing better to do. Loan me a buck, will you?"

Four days passed, and Finkle, who had yet to see the grime of a gym, found himself fighting a four-round draw at the Future City Athletic Club. He made $10. Two nights later, subbing in the eight-round main event at a downtown smoker, he made $15 fighting a southpaw named Boozeman. "The hum never laid a glove on me," Finkle recalls. "Of course, I was running so much I never hit him neither." That fight, too, was a draw.

It was three days past his 14th birthday that Finkle discovered he didn't want to be a fighter. It happened during his eighth pro fight. Sullivan had him in against an experienced 130-pounder named Jack Rainey. Finkle then weighed 116 pounds.

"Thank God for Harry Sharpe, a great referee who wouldn't do no business for any kind of money," Finkle says. "This Rainey was killing me. By the third round it looked like he was going to take me out. I had to do something. I started to hold and hit, to hit low, to hit with my elbows. Sharpe told me to quit it or I'd be disqualified. While he was still talking, I hit Rainey with a great low blow, almost crippling him for life. Sharpe threw me outta the ring. The next day the papers said I was too tough for Rainey. I made it look like I had a chance. I retired. How could I fight for a guy who'd put me in with all those heavy animals? Even the dumbest guy in the world would of walked away."

Retired as a fighter, Finkle took the next logical step: he became a manager. Still at the age of 14. His first fighter was Patsy Flanagan, who had won his first bout and then lost the next 11. Under Finkle's wing, Flanagan won five straight fights.

"That Irishman didn't like nobody, including me," Finkle says. "I was lining him up for a title shot against Johnny Buff when the commission asked if we had signed any papers. He said no, and the commission tells him to unload me. He did, and the bum never did get no title fight."

From there Finkle began roaming the country, traveling by boxcar, living in hobo jungles, selling papers, managing whatever fighters he could pick up.

"A guy could make a living all kinds of ways," says Finkle, "but I never stole nothing that was nailed down. I had principles. I did more holdover time in city jails than guys did in the big joint. If you didn't belong in a town they'd give you 40 hours just for being there. If you went to Joisy, you were a lead cinch to do small time. I got to say I was in all the best jails. Some I liked better than others.

"You could always make a buck. All you had to do was hit a saloon, sing old *Ace in the Hole* or some Irish song to those drunks and you'd need help to carry out all the money."

After washing his throat with a taste of gin, Finkle began to sing. He has the voice of a tenor bullfrog with stomach distress.

" 'Sure the shamrocks were growing on Broadway,

" 'Every girl was an Irish colleen,

" 'Sure the town of New York was like the County of Cork,

" 'Because it was only an Irishman's dream.' "

The drunk next to him, his eyes filling with tears, handed Evil Eye a dollar bill. Slipping the money into his pocket, Finkle wagged a finger at the bartender for another gin. "You sing like that," he croaked, "and you always made a payday."

The saloonkeeper had turned off the TV set. It had shown the replay of Baltimore Quarterback Bert Jones' fumble so many times the drunks were starting to get sober.

"Who do them Baltimores play next?" Finkle asked.

"Oakland next week," the bartender said.

"The game on TV?"

"Yeah."

A strange sound came from deep in Finkle's throat. "I'll be back. I'll Triple Whammy those bums so much they'll think they're playing the Russian army. I should of zapped them today but I forgot to wash the eye with boric acid this morning. Without a lot of rest and a good bath, the old eye ain't as strong as it used to be."

Hexing football teams is not new to Evil Eye. In 1949, for a free ticket and a side bet of $50, he put his Slobodka Stare on a heavily favored University of Georgia team, bringing havoc and an upset by the Miami Hurricanes. Also, he has hexed a racehorse or two (his evil eye enabled Seabiscuit to upset War Admiral in their famous match race); has been known to hit a crap game or a roulette wheel for a friend, or for a price; and in a fit of anger blasted the Los Angeles Dodgers out of the 1966 World Series against Baltimore. "I had so much evil generating," says Finkle, "I had

continued

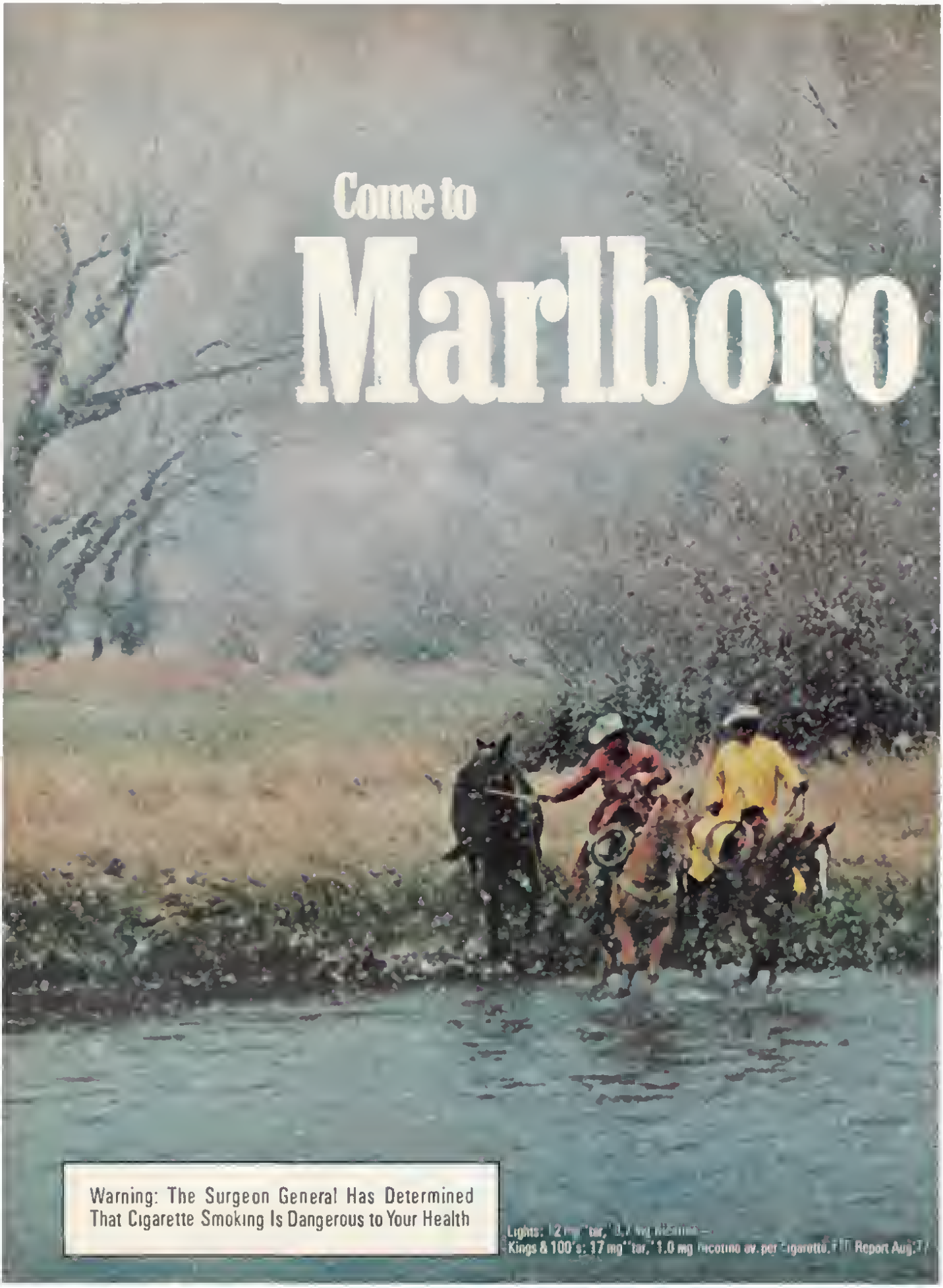
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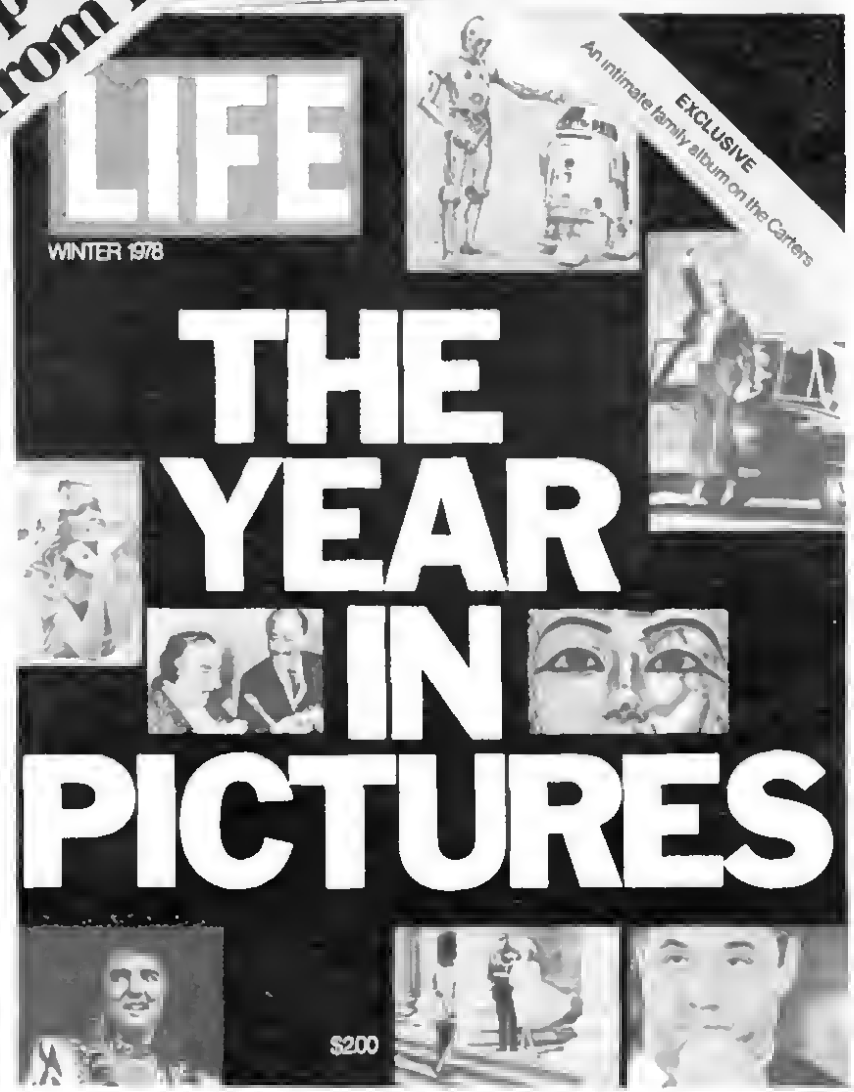
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to let up or them L.A.'s would have been the only team in history to lose a seven-game Series in three games."

But boxing was Finkle's home turf. Finkle figures he has worked more than 200 fights, losing only a handful. "Every once in a while," he says, "they give you a guy who couldn't win with a machine gun. Some of them bums make you work so hard I had to hole up in a dark room for a week reecooptin."

Finkle discovered the power of the hex in 1926. He was working in Miami with a fighter named Spike Webb. The opponent was named Joe Knight. It all began rather innocently. "I was just glaring at the bum," Finkle says. "I didn't like nobody we had to fight. All of a sudden Joe Knight turns green, starts to sweat. I ran around the ring and yelled at him, 'You dirty hum, I got the evil eye on you. The hex is going to kill you.' Now the hum really looks sick. Webb, maybe a 100 to 1 shot to win a fix, beats him easy. I figure, Ben, you are a born witch just like mama said. My mama always told me I had dybbuk blood. That's Jewish voodoo. It was like I found a gold mine in my eyeballs."

The word of Finkle's magical powers spread only as slowly as Finkle could spread it. With promotion as much a part of boxing as punching, some of the top managers in the country soon had the evil eye working in their corners. The first was Lew Diamond, better known as The Honest Brakeman because he once worked for the Erie Railroad without ever stealing a boxcar. Before he was done, Finkle worked for Weill, Angelo Dundee, Doc Kearns, Gould, Dumb Dan Morgan and Pete Reilly.

"I put the eye on for so many champions I forget most of them," Finkle says. The names of past greats roll from his tongue easily: Jeffra, Archibald, Ambers, Cochran, Basilio, Marciano, Lesnevich, Foster, Pastrano, Steele, Conn.

As Finkle's fame grew, so did his rewards. His price went from $50 a fight to $300, plus expenses, and all the eyewash he needed. He began to vary his hexes, from the Whammy to the Slobodka Stare to the Zinger, all coming in doubles and triples, depending on the amount of money paid. He became a frequent guest on radio programs such as Ripley's *Believe It or Not*, and *We, the People*. Al Capp immortalized Finkle as Evil-Eye Fleegle in *Li'l Abner*.

"Capp promised me a payday but he must of forgot," Finkle says. "But I never got mad at him. He made me lots of other paydays just from the publicity."

Finkle was at the height of popularity when Uncle Sam beckoned to him in 1942. Despite his age, he insists he was drafted. He was 45 years old and living temporarily in Tampa. "I almost threw the letter away," Finkle says. "At first I thought it was a bad joke. Then I got to figuring, hell, them Army guys eat three times a day. I got to admit that always wasn't my regular routine. Then a guy bets me a fin I can't pass the physical, so I go on down. I win the bet easy. The doc says to me, can you breathe? I tell him I ain't sure but I'll try. He says, fine, you pass. Then he asks me to lead this other guy to where they are swearing everybody in, because the guy don't see too good and might walk into a wall."

After 10 days of training in Miami Beach, Finkle was shipped to Scott Field, Ill. for a year of duty in the athletic department. That's where he fell off the ladder trying to hook up a basketball net. Because of that he now draws a $41 a month disability pension.

"I tried to put in for two broken ankles but they tricked me into walking," Finkle says.

"They moved me around, from Illinois to Scotland to England to France," Finkle says. "I made Pfc., which give me another four bucks a month. But when they offered me sergeant I said no. A sergeant had to work. I was having too much fun. In the Army you could always make a buck."

Finally, more as a joke than anything else, they stationed Finkle on the top floor of a tall hotel in Paris and pointed him toward Germany. Each day Finkle rode the elevator to the top floor and from there he cast his hex toward Berlin. Two weeks after he began, word came that Hitler had killed himself. "If they had thought of that sooner," Finkle says, "I probably could've ended the war in '43. I figured the least I'd get was a Silver Star. I never even got a good-conduct ribbon."

After the war Finkle went back to hexing other people's fighters. As the years passed, he began to turn down job offers, mostly because he no longer wanted to travel.

Even today Finkle still gets offers, mostly from Willie Gilzenberg, an Eastern wrestling promoter, or from Vince McMahon, who runs the wrestling programs at Madison Square Garden. Both are old cronies of Finkle's. "I knew them guys when they didn't have 15 bucks between them," Evil Eye says. "Now when I need something they're right there."



Treasured clippings recall heydays of a hexer

Once in a while Finkle will get a call to work a fight in Tampa, but at 80 even that seems a long way. His best offer lately came from John Scarne, the magician, performing in South Africa. "John met some witch doctors there and they had heard of the Eye," Finkle says. "They wanted to meet the greatest hexer of all time. Expenses and a good payday. But Africa, hell, that's a long way. I don't know if the Eye can make it that far."

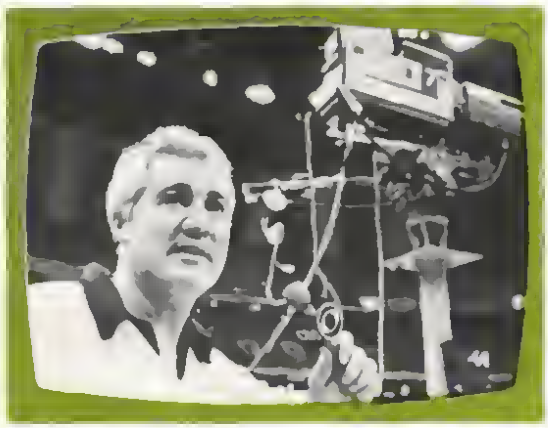
That weekend, an hour after Oakland had defeated Baltimore in double overtime, Finkle was making a long-distance call to a friend, Colleet.

"This is the Eye," he said happily. "Did you see how I worked over those bums from Baltimore? I played with them and then I give it to them good. I nailed them so much they might have to drop out of the league. Man, I used every gun I had, but it was the Triple Whammy that really burned them. Now if I can just find out where that zebra lives I may do a job on him, too. Hey, can you mail me a sawbuck until I get well?"

Only a dope would say no to an appeal from Ben Finkle. **END**

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

INSIGHTFUL AND DELIGHTFUL



SUMMERALL, PARTNER BROOKSHIER AND A CAMERA COSTARRED

Any television network would love to have the Super Bowl on its schedule—except perhaps when the game is played, as it was last Sunday, in New Orleans' Superdome. Despite disclaimers from the Dome's builders, the $163 million bubble on the bayou is fraught with problems for technicians and cameramen.

Unlike other sporting terrariums—the Astrodome in Houston, the Silverdome in Pontiac, Mich. and the Kingdome in Seattle—the interior of the Superdome tends to look dark, if not dank, on television. Chalk that off to poor lighting. In an attempt to correct this shortcoming for the Super Bowl, the power to the lights in the Superdome was dramatically increased and hundreds of them were refocused in hopes of eliminating dark areas, particularly in the end zones. To complicate matters, laying wires for the telecast, through the maze of subterranean passageways in the immense building, was a nightmare. But all the work was worth it, because the pictures from New Orleans were consistently sharp.

This year's Super Bowl was the first played in prime time, starting at 6 p.m. in the Eastern zone and ending at 9:50, and CBS hoped to break the record of 81.9 million viewers who watched last year. Evidence that those hopes were realistic was the lineup NBC and ABC put against the Cowboys and Broncos: repeats of *The Hardy Boys* and *Six Million Dollar Man* (ABC), a rerun of 1971's *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory* and a showing of the oft-delayed dramatization of Lou Gehrig's life, *A Love Affair* (NBC). CBS followed the game with an *All in the Family* episode written around the Super Bowl. It was taped only two weeks in advance so that the names of the actual Super Bowl teams could be used.

Not counting Archie Bunker's show, CBS put on nine hours of sports Sunday, a one-day record for the network. Dallas-Denver was preceded by NBA basketball, a rain-shortened telecast from the Phoenix Open and a tedious 110-minute pregame show that was notable for its low points. When CBS crew members made predictions of the score, the best the network's resident prognosticator, Jimmy the Greek, could come up with was a tie. At least that put him one up on Artist Leroy Nieman, whose endless and intrusive splatterings proved only that he could not even paint a tie.

For the game, CBS used 13 cameras and five slow-motion discs, compared to the six and two it usually employs for a regular-season pro telecast. Thankfully, the network did not also increase the number of announcers, staying with its "first team" of Pat Summerall and Tom Brookshier, the best combination doing football on any network.

While Summerall and Brookshier have been called the Sunshine Boys, in broadcasting terms they are the Odd Couple. Standard CBS practice is to use a professional announcer for play by play and an ex-jock for filler. These two are ex-players (Summerall was a placekicker for the Giants, Brookshier a star defensive back for the Eagles) who are also first-rate broadcasters. They share the air time so evenly and smoothly that viewers get the impression they have been working together for a lifetime. Well, they have, almost, though they became a Sunday combination only 2½ years ago, when Summerall and the network agreed that he had spent enough time—12 seasons—doing only analysis. Before then, however, Brookshier and Summerall had worked well together for seven years on *NFL Highlights*.

Between them, Summerall and Brookshier have 28 years of broadcasting experience, and a lot of that time was spent doing things other than football. Brookshier served as the sports director of Philadelphia's WCAU for 12 years, and in recent years he has been handling some major prizefights. Summerall's background in sports and sportscasting is even more varied. He was a Florida tennis champion, and he had a tryout with the baseball Cardinals. He was considered such an able announcer by WCBS radio in New York that he once worked as the station's 5:30-10 a.m. "Morning Man."

During the NFL season CBS used 18 regular announcers and a few standbys. Being selected for the Super Bowl is the big enchilada for these broadcasters, and Summerall and Brookshier, well informed and low key, were the obvious choices. Their selection also reflects a slowly evolving trend: the networks are finally picking their best announcers, not necessarily their most famous ones, for big games. Summerall and Brookshier got the assignment though they were not the most familiar voices and though they were not the resident experts on the teams competing in the Super Bowl. "As we go into the game," Summerall said last week, "the odd thing is that neither Tommy nor I saw Denver during the season."

Nevertheless, the pair handled the Broncos, and the game itself, with aplomb. They were intelligent and insightful and occasionally made a stab at being witty, as at the end of the first half following Cowboy Efren Herrera's third missed field-goal attempt.

Summerall: "It'll be a long halftime for him."

Brookshier: "Depending on which dressing room he goes in."

The thing viewers may well have enjoyed most was the use of a camera installed at the top of the Superdome. The view from 270 feet up was extremely helpful in showing pass patterns, sideline plays and blocking. Perhaps this will mean the end of tiresome blimp shots, to be replaced by those from rooftop or 'copter-mounted cameras at future NFL games. END



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Though he is 6' 8", Johnson is a daft dribbler and passer who has handed out 13 assists in a game

Just another guy named Earvin

The Spartans have gotten healthy with a local freshman running the operation

Earvin Johnson Jr comes dribbling up the floor, cleverly keeping the ball away from a hounding defender. That's Earvin—not Irvin or Irving or Elvin or Elvis. Earvin Johnson, the hot prospect from Lansing, Mich. Zap! The ball has disappeared from his hands and materialized in the grasp of a Michigan State teammate under the hoop. Two points.

Here he is again at the top of the key, looking one way and flinging the ball another—to a streaking teammate one step ahead of his man. Two more points.

Hey, wait a minute. The program says this magician is 6' 8", 200 pounds. Can it be that Michigan State has a 6' 8" freshman bringing the ball up court and playing point guard most of the time? Oops, here he comes again. He pauses briefly in the vicinity of the free-throw line, and then, zip! drives down the middle, gives a dipsy-doodle, herky-jerky Dr. J move and lays it in. Another two points.

Sure enough, Michigan State has a multitalented newcomer who passes, scores, rebounds, dribbles and, as if to assure the world that nobody is perfect, admits that he has heard rumors of a thing called defense but is not quite sure what it is. Never mind. The Spartans play a zone to hide Johnson's and other players' deficiencies, and figure that by scoring a healthy number of points of their own, everything will work out okay. It seems to be. With a 12–1 record after last weekend, they are threatening to break into the Top Ten.

Michigan State had a 10–17 record last year under first-year Coach Jud Heathcote. There are some talented athletes back from that team, notably junior Forward Greg Kelser (Michigan State's leading scorer and rebounder in 1976-77) and Guard Robert Chapman (a fifth-round NBA draft choice who decided to stay in school), but Johnson is the catalyst that was desperately needed. He and another 6' 8" Lansing resident, freshman Center Jay Vincent, have suddenly turned a loser into the favorite for the Big Ten title. At the end of last week, State was the only team unbeaten in conference play.

The class of '81 is an exceptional one all across the country, and so far it seems that Johnson is its brightest member, even though others, notably Maryland's Albert King and Duke's Eugene Banks, were more highly publicized as high school seniors. In fact, Johnson, Vincent, Banks, King, USC's Cliff Robinson, Ohio State's Herb Williams and Iona's Jeff Ruland have the potential to become the finest class ever, surpassing the Jerry West-Oscar Robertson group of '60 and the Pete Maravich-Calvin Murphy-Rick Mount-Bob Lanier class of '70.

Johnson's statistics are startling, although even they do not fully convey the all-round quality of his game. Against Minnesota he scored 31 points and had eight rebounds, four assists and 13 of 15 from the foul line. Two nights later against Wisconsin he had 18 points, seven rebounds and six assists. Bingo, right out of the blocks, he was Player of the Week in the conference. Last Thursday night at Illinois, in his first Big Ten road game, Johnson had 17 points, 10 assists, eight rebounds and four steals, which compared very favorably with his best previous line, against Wichita State: 20 rebounds, 19 points, nine assists.

Johnson, who grew up only a few miles from the huge Michigan State campus, is the son of a Fisher Body worker who emigrated from Mississippi to find a better job. His mother is from North Carolina, where she was a good basketball player. Earvin used to get up early on Sunday mornings, go to Lansing's Main Street School and play full-court one-on-one games against his older brother Larry. He had to learn to dribble, he says, because Larry pressed him baseline-to-baseline all the time.

In about the fourth grade he began encountering Vincent on the playgrounds. When it came time to go to high school, Vincent went to Eastern, while Johnson was bused—initially to his displeasure—to mostly white Everett, which he led to the state Class A quarterfinals as a sophomore, the semis as a junior and the championship as a senior. In one high school game he scored 54 points, in his next he had 16 assists.

If Johnson had not been around, Vincent probably would have been considered the best player in Lansing's history. The two became close friends despite the rivalry, and together they turned a city that had been noted chiefly for the production of Oldsmobiles into a Mecca for college scouts. Vincent chose Michigan State right away, but Johnson waited to decide until after a slew of All-Star games and a trip to Germany to play for the U.S. team in the Albert Schweitzer Games. Before he departed for Europe, he narrowed his potential choice to either Michigan or Michigan State.

When Johnson got off the plane that brought him home from Germany, he was greeted by a bifurcated crowd, one side waving a Wolverine banner, the other displaying a Spartan emblem. Most Lansing fans were voluble about wanting Johnson to stay home so they could continue to watch him play. (Apparently his sister Evelyn, an All-Stater at Everett last year as a junior, was not enough for the fans.)

His announcement in favor of State was a triumphant moment for Heathcote, who had been an assistant at remote

Washington State and head man at remoter Montana. At those schools, it had been a recruiting coup just to get a top-flight prospect to visit.

The box office opened the day after Johnson's decision; in two hours 100 season tickets had been sold, and State's 9,886-seat Jenison Field House was subsequently sold out in advance for the first time.

"Michigan thought it had a lot more to offer than Michigan State, which it did," says Johnson. "The Wolverines were on national TV and this and that. But I like the underdog school. I have always been the underdog. Every team I've played on was not supposed to win. Even when I go to the playground, I don't pick none of the best players. I pick the players who want to work hard."

Johnson, who is irrepressibly cheerful, earned a 3.4 average in his first semester at Michigan State, but he admits he must improve his English if he is to fulfill his goal of going into television announcing. Heathcote would just as soon Johnson improved his defense and outside shooting—not that the coach is complaining, mind you.

Despite those two less-than-glaring deficiencies, Johnson has already been named the most valuable player in two tournaments, and rival coaches are touting him as the greatest thing to happen to basketball since cages around the courts were discontinued in 1929.

Illinois' Lou Henson says, "He's great. I haven't seen a 6′ 8″ freshman who can do the things he can do."

Dave Gaines of Detroit, whose lone loss was to the Spartans, says, "Johnson scored only 11 points against us, but he had something like 13 assists. He's a well-liked kid and the player Michigan State needed to get its program started again."

Johnson is not only gifted and unselfish, he is also charismatic. He enjoys playing, and that joy is transmitted to the crowd. He could become the Big Ten's best drawing card since Mount was at Purdue. "I'm not surprised at anything he does, because—like his nickname—he's 'Magic,'" says high school rival Kevin Smith, now a freshman at Detroit. "There is no question that he's a special person. He draws people to him like a magnet."

If plaudits of this sort keep rolling in, even the player named Erving may have to take notice of the newcomer who spells it Earvin.

THE WEEK

(Jan 9-15)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

WEST San Francisco, which last season left its 29-game winning streak in South Bend and was not quite the same afterward, has finally asserted itself. The Dons avenged their loss to Notre Dame with a solid 79–70 victory at the Oakland Coliseum. San Francisco outrebounded the Irish 39–25, harassed them with a 1–2–2 zone and broke open a tight struggle in the second half. With the Irish ahead 48–47, the Dons went on a tear, pumping in 16 of the next 18 points, 12 of them by Doug Jemison and Rod Williams. Notre Dame was also unable to handle Bill Cartwright, who broke loose for 20 points and nine rebounds. Convincing, too, were two WCAC victories in which James Hardy excelled. During a 101–68 romp over Portland, Hardy had 24 points, 14 rebounds and eight dunks. Then, with the Dons leading Seattle by only 61–58, Hardy capped his 26-point effort with three quick baskets, a slam, a fallaway jumper and a backdoor dunk. The Dons won 93–80.

Nevada-Reno stayed atop the WCAC by taking road games at Loyola Marymount 71–58 and Pepperdine 83–50. The Wolf Pack also threw a scare into Utah, leading 44–41 at halftime as Johnny High and Michael Gray hit on 13 of 20 shots. In the second half the Utes pressured High and Gray, held them to 4-for-20 shooting and won 80–70.

With a flurry of points from its guards and a surprisingly effective zone defense, UCLA took over undisputed possession of first place in the Pac-8. Ray Townsend had 23 points as the Bruins trimmed Oregon 90–72, and Roy Hamilton had 15 as they beat Oregon State 77–60. The zone, almost never used during John Wooden's days at UCLA, enabled the Bruins to pull away from the Ducks after David Greenwood sat down with four fouls early in the second half. Southern Cal lost to Oregon State 89–82 in overtime, and then beat Oregon 63–62.

New Mexico became only the third WAC team in 16 years to win successive games at Arizona State and Arizona. During a 91–84 win at State, the Lobos led in rebounds 51–32, made eight steals, blocked eight shots and got 23 points from Forward Marvin Johnson. Then, before the largest crowd in the state's history—15,156 fans jammed Arizona's 14,890-seat McKale Center—the Lobos stopped the Wildcats 93–81 as Johnson came through with 20 points.

Also winning a pair of WAC games was Colorado State, which jolted defending titlist Utah 72–64 and Brigham Young 76–66. In the latter game the Rams got 26 points and 12 rebounds from 6′ 5″ sophomore Barry Young. Utah came back to top Wyoming 71–63. Utah State ran its record to 12–3 with a 75–73 win over Idaho State and a 102–66 triumph against James Madison.

Nevada-Las Vegas was coasting along with a 75–59 lead when Illinois State suddenly got hot. State pulled to within 93–90 on a shot by Guard Ron Jones, who had 34 points and 10 rebounds, but then Reggie Theus sank a foul shot for the last of his 26 points, and the Rebels prevailed 94–92.

Fresno State, which began the week with the best defensive average among Division I teams—the Bulldogs were allowing 55 points a game—improved on that. After beating Cal-Irvine 45–40 in their Pacific Coast AA opener, the Bulldogs dealt Cal-Santa Barbara a 73–53 setback.

It was bombs away when Freeman Williams of Portland State played against George Fox College. Last season's NCAA scoring champion unloosed 62 shots from the field, most of them from long range, and made 32 on his way to a 66-point game. State won the game 124–81 as Williams raised his scoring average to 32.1, 6.7 below his 1976-77 figure.

1. UCLA (13–1)
2. NEVADA-LV (15–2) 3. NEW MEXICO (11–2)

MIDEAST "We don't spend much time working on the opposition's game plan," said Kentucky Coach Joe Hall after a 101–77 win at Auburn in which Jack Givens had 25 points. "We just try to stay solid ourselves." Hall's Wildcats were plenty solid at home during a highly physical tussle with LSU. Despite being decked by an elbow, Kentucky's Mike Phillips tossed in 18 of his 23 points in the first half as the Wildcats built a 55–28 lead. Kentucky went on to win 96–76 and took command of the Southeastern Conference race.

Florida hung on for a 67–65 win over Vanderbilt, but then was beaten by Auburn 81–72 as Stan Pietkiewicz, a former Florida high school star, scored 29 points for the victors. Tennessee surprised Alabama 87–78.

While Michigan State stayed on top in the Big Ten, Minnesota flexed its muscles, winning twice. The Gophers, who played unaggressively during an earlier loss at Michigan, whomped Indiana 75–62 and Ohio State 72–47. Putting some claw into the Gopher game was 6′ 10″ Mychal Thompson, whose two-game figures read: 41 points, 23 rebounds, 10 blocks, eight assists, innumerable intimidations. Michigan used a second-half zone to wear down Iowa 66–56 and then was jarred by Illinois 65–61. Next time out, Iowa bumped Purdue 66–60. The Boilermakers had earlier knocked off Wisconsin 79–70, after which the Badgers burned Indiana 78–65. Wisconsin's victory was built around its 2–1–2 zone and its guards, ballhandling freshman Wes Matthews (18 points) and sophomore Arnold Gaines (25).

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"We were going around their zone, not through it. We had to do something." That's what Marquette Coach Hank Raymonds had to say after a 56–54 squeaker over St. Louis. What Raymonds did during the last four minutes was use a three-guard offense. The Warriors forced four late turnovers and went ahead with 58 seconds left on a jumper by Gary Rosenberger, Marquette's No. 3 guard. The Warriors then defeated UNLV 97–81.

Detroit smothered Oakland 99–58 as John Long scored 26 points, Terry Duerod 23 and Terry Tyler 13, plus 14 rebounds and six blocked shots. Tyler then got 24 points, 20 rebounds and six more blocks as the Titans beat Dayton 87–73.

Adding to their impressive records were DePaul (13–1) and Wisconsin-Green Bay (15–0). The Blue Demons beat Eastern Michigan 91–83 and Bradley 80–66 as Dave Corzine scored 58 points. Green Bay, the top-rated Division II team, defeated Mankato State 101–65, Loras 62–47 and Wisconsin-Platteville 55–48.

1. KENTUCKY (12–0)
2. MARQUETTE (12–1) 3. MICHIGAN ST. (12–1)

EAST

"When we get the lead now, we build on it," said Duke's Jim Spanarkel after he scored 20 points during a 107–85 romp at Clemson. "Now we go out and attack." Other attackers were Mike Gminski (28 points) and Gene Banks (23). Banks, who almost missed a high school title game in Philadelphia because he and his mother went to church and lost track of time, prepared for the game by strolling along the banks of Lake Hartwell and "getting my thoughts together."

Duke continued to attack against North Carolina, forcing 22 turnovers, shooting 655 and pulling away for a 92–84 upset. "I've never seen a team put it together like Duke did," said Tar Heel Coach Dean Smith. Duke, which got 29 points from Gminski and 23 from Spanarkel, thus took over first place in the ACC. Phil Ford scored 29 points for Carolina, which had to play without Center Rich Yonakor, out with mononucleosis. Duke also demolished Lehigh 105–63. And the Tar Heels knocked off Wake Forest 71–69.

North Carolina State's young Wolfpack handed Maryland its third loss in a row, 88–82. Wake Forest defeated Clemson 91–90 in overtime. And Virginia's Bobby Stokes and Dave Koesters came off the bench to score 27 points and defeat the Wolfpack 74–68.

To counter Syracuse's height, Pitt started five players listed as frontcourtmen. It paid off as the Panthers outrebounded the Orange 45–39, got 30 points from Larry Harris and upset Syracuse 86–81. Dale Shackleford had 30 points for the Orange. In another road game, Syracuse rallied to beat Penn State 83–77.

Temple (12–1) won at Pitt 81–74 in double overtime and then held off Villanova 81–73. With 6′ 6″ freshman Alex Bradley pumping in 23 points, Villanova defeated Massachusetts 71–64 to remain unbeaten in Eastern 8 competition. Rutgers won two nonconference games as James Bailey exploded. First he scored 43 points and pulled down 13 rebounds in a 79–71 win over William & Mary. Then he had 27 points and 15 rebounds as the Scarlet Knights clobbered Hawaii 95–75. Scoring honors in that game (31 points) went to teammate Hollis Copeland.

Georgetown's guards helped the Hoyas win twice. Derrick Jackson popped in 21 points in a 56–53 win over Navy, and John Duren made nine of 11 shots as the Hoyas held off South Carolina 47–43.

Three-time-winner Providence beat Brown 76–58, triumphed 76–59 at St. Joseph's and held off Penn 67–55.

High-scoring independents Holy Cross and Virginia Tech (both 11–1) got more big numbers. The Crusaders drubbed St. Peter's 104–65. Tech beat St. Bonaventure 94–89, West Virginia 99–88 and Canisius 85–70.

Two visiting independents worked hard for their wins. Detroit, down 40–33 at halftime, overhauled Iona 84–79 as John Long scored 28 points and Terry Tyler had 14 rebounds and blocked six shots. Their productivity offset freshman Jeff Ruland's 31 points and 15 rebounds. Notre Dame broke a 58–58 deadlock against St. Bonaventure with 13 straight points and hung on for a 79–78 decision.

With slick Guard Reggie Carter finally eligible to play after sitting out a year following his transfer from Hawaii, St. John's looked to be a far tougher team. Carter had 29 points and nine assists as the Redmen wiped out Fordham 97–56 and Boston College 76–54. In those games, George Johnson of the Redmen tossed in 45 points.

Wayland Baptist's No. 1-ranked women's team lost 98–86 at North Carolina State, where the Wolfpack shot .609 and got 23 points from Trudi Lacey.

1. SYRACUSE (12–2)
2. NORTH CAROLINA (13–2) 3. DUKE (12–3)

MIDWEST

"They're so overpowering nobody's going to beat them," said Texas Coach Abe Lemons before facing unbeaten Arkansas. After the game, won by the Longhorns 75–69 before a crowd of 16,288 (the largest in Southwest Conference history) at Texas' Super Drum, Lemons said, "You can't believe everything I say." Making a winner of Texas were 6′ 7″ JC transfer Tyrone Branyan and Guard John Moore. Branyan kept the Longhorns even in the first half by hitting six of his first seven jumpers. Moore busied himself with 20 points, eight assists and seven steals as Texas took the SWC lead. The Razorbacks, playing their fourth game in seven days, got 24 points from Sidney Moncrief.

Both teams had tuned up with wins at Houston, which was averaging 102.7 points. Texas beat the Cougars 100–89 as Jim Krivacs scored 29 points, and Arkansas won 84–65 as Marvin Delph got 24. The Razorbacks also cruised past Missouri-St. Louis 87–65 and set an SWC record with their .707 shooting while beating Rice 69–60.

Kansas continued to display its versatility, overcoming Oklahoma State 69–57 in a slow-paced game and zipping past Oklahoma 91–61. Against the Sooners, the Jayhawks got at least 13 points from all five starters and used a full-court press to force 23 turnovers.

Tied with Kansas for the Big Eight lead was Iowa State, which stunned Kansas State and Nebraska. The Cyclones stopped the Wildcats 82–77 as Big Eight scoring leader Andrew Parker had 27 points and 6′ 11″ Dean Uthoff, the nation's top rebounder, had 15 points and pulled down 14 missed shots. Curtis Redding had 31 points for the losers. Iowa State then won 65–59 before the largest basketball crowd ever in Nebraska—14,747—as Parker had 21 points and Uthoff 16 and 12 rebounds. For the Cyclones that was the fifth win in a row, their longest streak in 11 years. Nebraska also lost 73–64 at Colorado, where the Huskers were outrebounded 47–27. Then Kansas State beat the Buffaloes 68–52.

Missouri based its hopes for an upset of Marquette on stopping the Warriors' front line. That gave senior Guard Jim Boylan shooting room at the top of the key, something the Tigers felt they did not have to worry about because Boylan had a 7.2 scoring average. But he sank 14 of 20 shots and scored 29 points, and Marquette won 70–52.

Memphis State trailed 40–31 when Cincinnati went into its four-corners offense. The Tigers double-teamed the ball, provoked 12 turnovers in 11 minutes and pulled in front 54–52. From then on, both teams used full-court presses, with the Tigers making theirs pay off with a 67–63 Metro 7 triumph. Earlier, the Bearcats had beaten St. Louis 66–55.

First-place Louisville struggled past Georgia Tech 90–84. The Yellow Jackets had a 37–32 edge in field goals, but were outscored 26–10 at the foul line. Rick Wilson put in 30 points for the Cardinals, and Darrell Griffith came off the bench with 5:44 left to score two big baskets on a scoop layup and a down-from-the-ceiling dunk.

1. ARKANSAS (14–1)
2. INDIANA STATE (12–0) 3. LOUISVILLE (10–2)

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

MIKE GMINSKI: By sinking 31 of 43 field-goal attempts, scoring 75 points and grabbing 27 rebounds, the 6′ 11″, 18-year-old sophomore led Duke to three victories and into first place in the Atlantic Coast Conference race.

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Putting it all up front

When Dick Buerkle quit teaching to sell contact lenses he also discarded come-from-behind race tactics, and after a jackrabbit start he broke the indoor mile record

It was Friday the 13th and, naturally, Dick Buerkle's flight out of Buffalo at 12:30 p.m. was canceled because of a snowstorm. But at 4 p.m., even though it was still snowing, he was able to take off for Washington, D.C. and the season's first big indoor track meet in the East, the CYO Invitational at the University of Maryland. By 7:30 p.m. Buerkle (pronounced Burk-ley) had arrived at Cole Field House in College Park, but the gateman wouldn't admit him because he didn't have a competitor's pass. He got in only after an official intervened. Later, warming up in a hall with a wet floor and a leaky roof, Buerkle said, "I've got to be crazy to fly out in a snowstorm on Friday the 13th to try for a world record."

At 9:05 he lined up for the mile on the 160-yard track alongside Filbert Bayi, Paul Cummings and Ken Schappert. When the gun went off, Buerkle took the lead. He ran the first quarter in 57.3, was 1:58.9 for the half and hit the three-quarter mark in 2:58.3—but barely two yards ahead of that more famous front-runner, Bayi. Then he did the final quarter in 56.5, pulling away to beat Bayi by 20 yards in 3:54.8 (although it will probably be recognized as 3:54.9 based on the automatic timer). Tony Waldrop's mark of 3:55, also hand-timed in 1974 at San Diego, had been wiped out.

"When I hit the last quarter I didn't think I would get the record," Buerkle said. "I only pulled it out because I thought Bayi was too close."

"Dick ran a very good race," allowed the recently married Bayi. "It was a good one for me, too. I did not expect to run 3:58.4. I had only two days of training this week in Los Angeles, and it rained."

Bayi's training in the rain was a piece of cake compared to the hectic four days that Buerkle had spent after finishing third behind Wilson Waigwa and Paul Cummings at the Muhammad Ali Games in Long Beach, Calif. He returned to Buffalo on Monday to spend a couple of hours with his wife Jean and 13-month-old son Gabriel. Then, as a contact lens salesman for Bausch & Lomb, he had to go on the road. Monday night he jogged five miles at the YMCA gym in Fredonia, N.Y. Tuesday, back in Buffalo, he ran 10 miles in Memorial Auditorium. Wednesday night he ran 10 miles on Route 18 in Sharon, Pa. in 10° weather. Thursday night he drove home from Meadville, Pa. and searched for an ice-free stretch where he could run. Finally, he resorted to his CB radio and asked, "Where can I find a piece of road that is bone-dry?" Someone directed him to Kenmore on the outskirts of Buffalo, and he got in two quarters, each in 56 seconds.

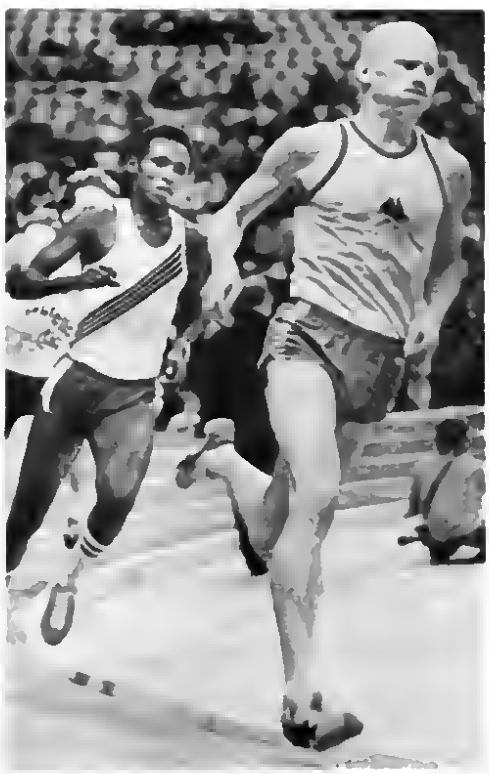
What made Buerkle's feat the following night all the more surprising is that he is 30 years old and had been best known as a 5,000-meter man. Buerkle does not even look like the classic tall, big-striding American miler. He stands 5′ 7″, weighs 130 pounds, and his gait has been compared to that of a man in pursuit of a bus. Because he has been bald since he was 12, he appears to be older than he is. "I spent a lot of money trying to find out why," he says, "but no doctor could ever explain it."

After high school in Rochester, N.Y., Buerkle went to Villanova, where he set school records in the 5,000 meters and the two- and three-miles. "Villanova had plenty of good milers," he says. "I felt I only had a chance in the longer races." In 1970, after graduation, he became a Spanish teacher. Last year he took a break from competition. "I knew I would get the urge to race again," he says, "but there were other things I wanted to do." For one thing, he changed jobs. In part, he credits that switch for his newfound determination. "Working as a salesman started me on positive thinking," he says. "You just don't allow yourself to have any doubts when you pursue a goal." At his bedside at the Holiday Inn in College Park lay Maxwell Maltz' book on Psycho-Cybernetics, opened to a chapter entitled "A Salesman Who Needed Surgery on His Thoughts Rather Than His Nose."

Another thing Buerkle did in 1977 was get himself a coach. He had been working out on his own ever since he left the famed Jumbo Elliott at Villanova, but last September he began training under a Buffalo high school coach, Bob Ivory. "I heard Bob tell a runner that American milers always lay back and wait for the final kick. 'You got to go out fast from the start,' he told him. So I adopted that strategy. I wanted to find out how fast I could really run." On Friday the 13th he got a pretty fair clue.

Next morning Buerkle pondered the future. "I feel like the man played by Robert Redford in *The Candidate*," he said. "He worked and worked, and when he finally won he said, 'What do I do now?' " One thing is certain. Dick Buerkle has no intention of just sitting around until October, which is the next time there will be a Friday the 13th. He had just returned from a seven-mile workout. In a driving rain, of course. **END**

Bayi's close pursuit helped push Buerkle to his 3:54.8 mile



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The NCAA splits its decision



The big boys didn't score a knockout over the smaller schools, but they did take a cautious step toward autonomy

Some headline writers called it the birth of "a new super football conference"—the lions at last rising up and moving away from the lambs. Father Edmund Joyce of Notre Dame, more in touch with the soil, perhaps, called it the natural "division of apples and oranges." Opponents (those oranges who saw themselves being squeezed out) rallied behind the eloquence of San Jose State Athletic Director Bob Murphy, their principal spokesman, and predicted "second-class citizenship" and doom for their programs, and Sodom and Gomorrah for the spendthrifts up in first class.

It was none of those things. After heated debate, the vote to subdivide Division I football into I-A and I-AA at the National Collegiate Athletic Association convention in Atlanta last week was no more than the first (albeit most important) step in structuring the game so that it can serve everyone along compatible lines—*i.e.*, legislative lines that join schools with similar philosophies and economic and physical commitments. It was neither a massive elixir nor a massive knockout drop. It will neither solve all the problems of the strong nor start a funeral march for the weak.

But because several misconceptions of what happened abound, they need examination:

• "A super conference of elitists has been formed by the haves of college football at the expense of the have-nots."

Not even close. The Texases and the Tennessees, with their $4 million athletic budgets and 80,000-seat stadiums and the goals and problems those things imply, were simply split away from the Ball States and the Marshalls with their more modest aspirations. And the Nebraskas and the LSUs, with their costly 10-sport programs highly dependent on football money, were extricated from the peonage of voting one-on-one on key issues with such schools as Oral Roberts and Oklahoma City, where football is not played.

At the same time, within the mixed bag of schools which now qualify for I-A membership under the criteria laid down, there still is enough disparity to keep the democratic process humming. These are the criteria for a school's admittance to I-A: 60% of its games against other I-A teams; either a 30,000-seat stadium and an average attendance of 17,000 for one year in the last four, or an average of 17,000 over the last four years—if a school has either of these, an eight-sport program will do; if not, it must have a 12-sport program.

• "Then what *do* the big guys want? They've got the crowds, the television money, the bowl games—what else?"

This was Murphy's litany in Atlanta. He repeated it often, as if the question were not being answered. But it was answered, in the context of Murphy's own logic. In the past, when the bigger football schools were asked to swallow still another piece of unpalatable legislation—the "Robin Hood plan" to disperse television money across the board; the periodic moves to base scholarship grants on financial need (a move with vast potential for cheating)—they somehow managed to vote down the offending legislation. Well, that is exactly what the big football schools want: an end to having every NCAA meeting turned into an exercise in nitpicking by schools with which they have nothing in common; an end to having to face a threat a year. They want autonomy.

• "The bigs will rip down all the re-

continued

straints on spending, open the lid on scholarship limits, coaching staffs and recruiting costs."

Patently absurd. Apparently accepted at face value in many corners, Murphy characterized this prospect as a "return to the meat-on-the-hoof college football philosophies of a decade ago." His colleagues on the floor hammered at it relentlessly. Surprisingly, they were allowed to go virtually unchallenged until Dr. Edwin Cady, the faculty representative from Duke, got up to say he was "weary" of the notion that if you were a smaller school you somehow qualified as "wiser or more moral." Cady pointed out that the integrity of some very prominent institutions was being questioned.

Furthermore, even the biggest-budgeted schools are not without financial problems today. The 30-a-year, 95-total-scholarship limits, eight-man coaching staffs and various recruiting restrictions have been well received. They are roundly credited with equalizing the competition and enhancing the college game. There is not much sympathy for abrogation of these restrictions, though the Big Eight and Southeastern conferences would like to see the overall limits go to, say, 105 scholarships and nine coaches. Their colleagues in the Big Ten and Pacific Eight are not sympathetic, however. And none of them wishes to set itself up for economic suicide, not when the specter of HEW's Title IX legislation (equal opportunity for women's athletics) hangs over every budget.

As for recruiting, some of the larger schools, having had to face its many toxic effects for so long, are usually in the forefront of efforts to control its excesses and to reduce the procession of marginal students onto the athletic rosters of America. (That they don't always succeed is evident enough without going into the ramifications.) It was, coincidentally and ironically, the big schools that pushed for the amendment in Atlanta that would have raised Division I's academic requirements of incoming freshmen to a minimum 2.25 grade average. At present the only standard is a 2.0 average. The amendment did not carry.

• "Subdivision will be the death of the I-AA schools. Reclassification will make them second-class citizens, and they will suffer accordingly in recruiting and support."

Nonsense. If Divisions II and III do not rail over classification and do not have heavy attrition rates, why should I-AA? Except at convention time, classification seldom gets a discouraging word, and serves not to point up inferiorities but to keep priorities in order. Below the very top level, divisions tend to run together, anyway.

In truth, most teams that will make up Division I-AA already have been grouped by sterner qualifiers than Roman numerals. The differences are obvious. No recruiter with a lick of sense would try to convince a youngster that playing at, say, Boise State, is the same as playing at Michigan State. By the same token, there are two immediate advantages to participating in I-AA. Less pressure for the Boise State Joneses to live up to the Michigan State Joneses, for one. And two, a playoff similar to that in Divisions II and III has been formulated to provide a I-AA national championship and a $750,000 television payoff (coming from the Division I package recently signed with ABC). Under the old structure, most I-AA schools could expect never to see the inside of a bowl or the figures on a television check. I-AA schools also would be guaranteed regular-season telecasts.

• "The division will be top-heavy. 104 are eligible for I-A, only 40 would be left for I-AA."

Not likely. Being eligible does not necessarily mean a school will opt for I-A status. Within a 60-day period, all Division I schools have to declare the division they prefer. They will then have three years to meet the requirements. Originally, the breakdown figured to be 79 in I-A (the seven major conferences and top independents) and 65 in I-AA. The so-called Ivy League amendment, allowing eligibility in I-A for schools fielding teams in 12 intercollegiate sports, put an additional 25 on the roll. It is not likely, however, that in the privacy of their own environments, weighing the alternatives, more than a few of those will opt for I-A.

• "Once the lines are drawn, upward mobility—the desire to climb from I-AA to I-A—will be impossible to realize."

"Not easy" would be a better description. The bugaboo is scheduling. Schedules are sometimes made up 10 to 15 years in advance, having met all the other criteria, a school wanting to make six or seven matches a year with I-A schools might have to wait a very long time. Those already close to the schedule requirement—Utah State, Temple, Murphy's own San Jose State—would have no trouble.

• "Some conferences will have to shut down because half their teams will go one way, half the other."

Possibly. For three or four leagues there will be a dilemma. If San Jose State and Long Beach State of the Pacific Coast Athletic Association and Tulsa and New Mexico State of the Missouri Valley opt for I-A, as they likely will, those conferences will face realignment problems. That's nothing new, of course. Losing members is not always tantamount to disaster, and leagues are seldom held sacred by schools who want to get out. They usually don't stand on ceremony—they just get out. The Southern Conference has been playing musical chairs for years. Recent defectors include East Carolina, West Virginia, Richmond and William and Mary. Arizona and Arizona State have recently left the WAC for the Pac-10, as it will soon be called. Reclassification had nothing to do with it.

Why did such controversial legislation pass this time when it could not before? Partly because NCAA President J. Neils Thompson of Texas, whose council drew up the plan, took a year to work in all the angles that would get the football vote and, at the same time, figured a way to placate Division I basketball schools, like NCAA champion Marquette, that did not play football but faced expulsion under the old formula. I-A and I-AA apply only to football; basketball schools in Division I remain in I.

But mainly, the amendment passed because its time had come. On the day of the vote another move—to allow schools to dress their teams in "traveling jackets" if they so desire—was voted down by the full Division I membership. Smaller schools didn't want the expense.

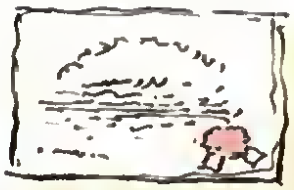
Which is ironic. Under existing allowable expenses, it is perfectly all right for a big-budget school to spend $10,000 traveling back and forth across the country to land a star halfback, as one bragged it had done a couple of years ago. The immediate absurdity is this: the school spent all that money to get the boy on campus but could not buy him a $100 traveling jacket. Even if he promised to give it back.

And *that* is why the division was necessary. **END**

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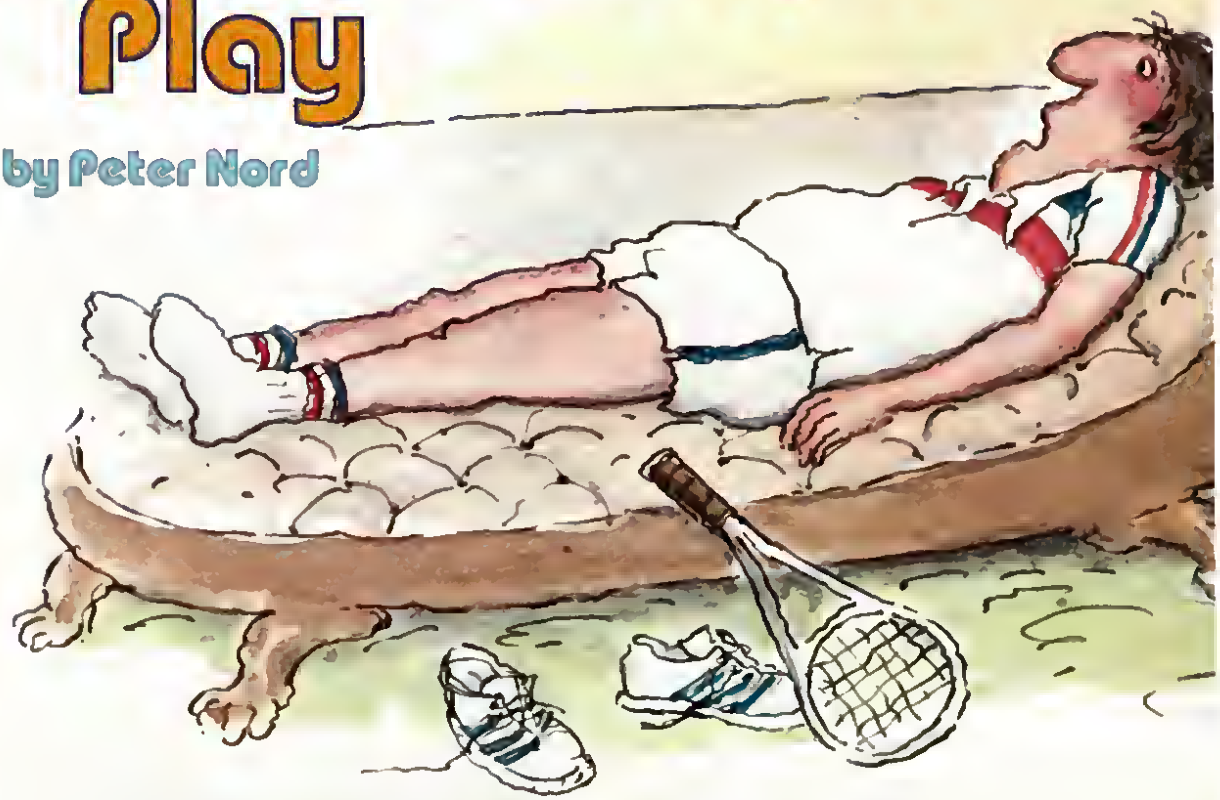


This guide is an introduction to tennis as played by normal human beings. It covers metters not usually dealt with in tennis instructionals, important matters that can add hours of enjoyment on the court, cut expenses and occasionally produce a victory over another normal human being. You'll learn how not to lose tennis balls, how to look like a tennis player, how and when to cheet, how to exercise without working up e sweat, and why the topspin lob should be considered anatheme in e society that produced Abraham Lincoln, F.D.R. and Martin Luther King Jr. This guide is not endorsed by the USTA, but they've been wrong before.



The Game Normal People Play

by Peter Nord



How to be mistaken for a tennis player

Fifteen years ago, when my friend Lenny used to go out to play tennis, he carried his racket in a laundry bag and when he was about halfway down the block he would yell toward his house, "Tell Mommy I'm going to the laundry, that's why I'm carrying this laundry bag because I'm taking this laundry to the laundry."

Because in those days tennis players were called sissies.

About 10 years ago tennis players came out of the closet.

When that happened, my friend Lenny, who hadn't yet bought one of those terrific carrying cases for tennis rackets, would go out to play tennis carrying his racket in the laundry bag and when he got halfway down the block he would yell toward his house, "Tell Mommy I'm going to play tennis and I'm carrying my tennis racket in the laundry bag until I can get a carrying case for my racket."

But by the time Lenny had gotten a terrific carrying case for his racket, half the people on his block were playing tennis and had their own terrific carrying cases, and that included Pinchik, the Poet, who didn't even play stickball when he was a kid, and Chicken Fat Farber, who was 5' 6", 225 pounds, and who breathed heavily when he carried out the garbage.

Everybody played tennis. *Everybody*. Everybody walked around with a tennis racket under his arm.

So my friend Lenny started walking around with *two* tennis rackets under his arm.

And that made him feel terrific for a couple of months,

continued



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL RAMUS

until one day he looked out and saw Chicken Fat Farber with two tennis rackets under his arm and a *sweatband on each wrist.*

My friend Lenny let his hair grow long and started tying it back like Bjorn Borg. Chicken Fat bought a $250 metal racket with Torsion-Glide Trampoline Action.

Lenny divorced his wife and married a 17-year-old blonde from California who had the ability to conceal her drop shot until the last second, and together they won the Westbury (N.Y.) Public Courts Mixed Doubles Championship.

Chicken Fat Farber gave his son expensive lessons and sent him to tennis camps and after a few years his kid was in the top 50 of the 13-and-unders for the northwest Nassau County area.

My friend Lenny's kid played the violin. Lenny hoped that maybe people might think there was a tennis racket in his kid's violin case, but he didn't really count on it.

And one day Lenny figured the hell with it and he walked out carrying just one racket and that's how he went to the club. With one racket.

About a week later he overheard a couple of non-playing neighbors in the train talking and one was saying, "I got to figure Lenny's the best player; he just walks around with the one racket, know what I mean, he's a no-nonsense tennis player."

And the other guy agreed.

And that's when my friend Lenny gave up the game, because the time to quit is when you've reached the top, right?

Eye on the ball, or, the little black dot exercise

It is very, very important to keep your eye on the ball. And a very simple exercise will help you do so instinctively.

All it requires is a tiny brush and some black paint.

Paint a tiny dot on each ball.

Practice trying to hit the ball on the little black dot.

Practice hour after hour.

You will discover that concentrating on that little dot will enable you to hit the ball squarely, time after time.

Then, when you play a match you will forget all about it.

However, if your ball rolls onto another court, you will be able to go over there and say, "Hey, that's my ball. See, it's got this little black dot."

Why normal human beings cannot play tennis

It is physically impossible for a normal man or woman to play tennis, if the definition of tennis is limited to the sort of thing we see played on television.

The classic study proving this was conducted by Dr. Henry Ruston and this writer on Aug. 22, 1975.

My role was simple. I was required to time how long it took me to bring a racket from the ready position in front of my body to the end of my backswing. Behind a locked bathroom door, unencumbered by clothes of any kind that might have slowed me down, and armed with a Head Master racket, 4⅛ Medium, and a Majestime seven-jewel stopwatch, I was able, after an hour and a half of practice, to reduce my time to 1/32nd of a second.

I reported my time to Dr. Ruston.

He drew a red line down the center of a sheet of graph paper.

On one side he wrote the following heading: TIME IT TAKES A NORMAL HUMAN BEING TO GET INTO POSITION TO RETURN A SERVE.

Beneath it he wrote: 1/32nd of a second.

Then he turned to me. "Am I wrong, Peter, when I say that a weak serve for a professional would be something like 90 miles an hour?"

"That would be weak," I admitted. "The strong ones go from 120 to 130 miles an hour."

"Then the rest is simple arithmetic," said Dr. Ruston.

We wrote the following heading on the other side of the piece of graph paper. TIME IT TAKES FOR A PROFESSIONAL TENNIS PLAYER'S WEAK SERVE TO BOUNCE INTO THE SERVICE BOX.

Dr. Ruston made several quick calculations on his minicomputer and wrote, 1/3rd of a second.

He then wrote with dizzying speed under the first headline: AVERAGE TIME IT TAKES A COLLEGE GRADUATE TO THINK TO HIMSELF, "HE HIT IT TO MY GODDAM BACKHAND, I'D BETTER RUN IN THAT DIRECTION" . . . 1/16th of a second.

AVERAGE TIME IT TAKES TO RUN 12 TO 15 FEET TO THE BALL IF THE RECEIVER CAN RUN THREE TIMES FASTER THAN IVORY CROCKETT WHEN HE RAN THE FASTEST 100-YARD DASH IN HISTORY . . . one second.

TOTAL TIME IT TAKES FOR RECEIVER TO GET TO BALL AND SWING AT IT . . . one and 3/32nds of a second.

Conclusion: BY THE TIME A NORMAL HUMAN BEING WHO IS SOMEHOW ABLE TO RUN THREE TIMES AS FAST AS THE FASTEST MAN WHO EVER RAN THE 100-YARD DASH CAN GET TO A PROFESSIONAL TENNIS PLAYER'S WEAK SERVE, THE BALL IS ALREADY BOUNCING AGAINST THE FENCE BEHIND HIM AND THE SERVER IS PREPARING FOR HIS NEXT SERVE.

"So you see how lucky you are, Peter?" said Dr. Ruston. "You are normal. The Borgs, the Connorses, they are not."

I have never forgotten those wise words of the good doctor. Indeed, each time I lose a match I smile inwardly, knowing that my loss simply demonstrates that I am a normal human being and my opponent is not.

And in the big game of life, that is surely more important than the adolescent satisfaction one gets from soundly trouncing an opponent and walking off the court in victory, a feeling I'm certain I would be ashamed of if it ever happened to me.

The topspin lob

The topspin lob is a neglected offensive weapon. The result of a properly executed topspin lob is that the ball goes over the head of an opponent who is standing at the net, then goes skidding off toward the back fence after it hits.

Ilie Nastase hits a great topspin lob. It is somewhat easier for him than for us, however, as he does not spend as much time as we do at the office, and spends more time practicing things like topspin lobs.

If you *do* have the time to practice a topspin lob, perhaps you've reached a stage in life where you ought to reorder your priorities and give some thought to helping humanity in some way.



If your fingers get stuck, you're using the wrong ball

Because to hit a topspin lob properly, one must lift the racket abruptly while bringing it forward and try to make the ball "stick" to the racket momentarily. Even writing such a sentence makes me want to laugh, and the idea that someone would try to learn how to do this, particularly given the fact that he might make use of it perhaps 50 to 75 times in his lifetime, makes one understand how radical movements can become attractive to our young people.

Spotting the trouble spots

A good tennis player is like a finely tuned watch. The slightest imperfection can lead to serious trouble. Fortunately, just as an expert watchmaker can detect minute flaws, make the necessary adjustments and restore the watch to its original state, a trained tennis expert can spot the tiny flaws in your game and bring it back to its peak.

The following are some of the more common signs that something is amiss, and what to do about it.

Problem: You constantly hit the ball in the direction of the sidelines.

Solution: Very often, this is caused by holding your racket in the wrong hand. If you are a righty, your racket should be in the hand that you salute with. If you are a lefty, it should be in the hand you don't salute with. If you happen to be in the Army.

Problem: Time after time, you miss the ball entirely.

Solution: There are two ends to every tennis racket. Are you certain you are holding the racket at the proper end? The proper end is the narrow part that looks like a badly designed broom handle. The other end is used to strike the ball. Double-check yourself each time you put the racket down and pick it up again.

Problem: You keep hitting the ball into the net.

Solution: The net may be too high. Lower it to the point just below where the ball has been hitting it.

Problem: You are making error after error on balls hit to your backhand.

Solution: You are probably not running fast enough around your backhand and are being forced to actually hit a backhand. You must either spend some time on your footwork or change your opponent.

Problem: You often show up for matches on the wrong day.

Solution: Do you really enjoy tennis? Perhaps you're only playing it to get out of the house. Check your motives.

Problem: You hit the ball on the second bounce.

Solution: Are you anticipating correctly? Perhaps you're expecting your opponent to hit it down the line, when actually he is standing on the sidelines talking to the chairman of the Membership Committee, or to his wife—or somebody's wife. In that case, chances are you're not hitting it on the second bounce but actually swinging at a ball that's just lying there. You may be in bad trouble.

Problem: You consistently hit the ball when it has already gone past you.

Solution: You may have an imperfect understanding of the dynamics of the swing. The idea is to swing the racket *toward* the ball, not away from it.

Problem: As you're making your toss for the serve, your fingers keep getting stuck in the ball.

Solution: Check that ball. If it appears rather black and you notice the name Brunswick or AMF on it, you picked up the wrong ball.

Delusions, or, why every day's an off day

Watch the man playing tennis.

See how he grimaces when he swings at the easy overhead and misses.

See how he curses when his half-volley goes plunk into the net.

See how he rolls his eyes when his backhand plops five feet in front of him.

The tennis player thinks that we don't know that he *never* hits an overhead on the court, *never* hits a half-volley anywhere but into the net, and has managed, during nine years of tennis, to hit exactly 14% of his backhands onto his opponent's side of the court, and that not a small fraction of *those* shots were hit off the wood.

Still, every time he hits a bad shot it comes as a big surprise to him.

Dr. Ruston has an explanation for this. He calls it Plato's Racket.

According to Dr. Ruston, every man or woman who ever picked up a tennis racket has an ideal game firmly entrenched in his or her mind. This ideal game is a composite of every competent stroke the player has made in his or her lifetime.

A typical case:

Man hits a forehand down the line in a match against his younger daughter in 1964. Three years afterward, forced to stretch for a backhand, he accidentally brings his racket all the way back, then forward, and hits a screaming passing shot against his wife. Late in 1969, after a full hour of instruction on the overhead, he gets in a match, tries 14 over-

continued

heads, and hits one of them in. In the early '70s, he serves an ace. In the summer of 1974, in a match against a seeded player, he starts to come to the net; when his opponent hits a shot at his feet, he picks it up on a half-volley and the ball angles off for a winner.

All of these shots, and similarly uncommon topspin lobs, approach shots, punch volleys and spinning second serves, become as firmly implanted in his subconscious as his reaction to being touched by a hot poker.

As time passes, this repertory of selected shots assumes mythic proportions, until one day, that part of his brain reserved for tennis succumbs completely to the fantasy

From that moment on, he spends a lifetime feeling that he is playing below his game.

Things even out, though, because his opponent also feels that *he* is playing below *his* game.

However, he suspects that his opponent is kidding himself about playing below his game and that actually his opponent is playing over his head.

Which is exactly what his opponent thinks about him.

This explains why such an overwhelming number of tennis players see psychiatrists. They can't understand why they're constantly being beaten by worse tennis players.

It also explains why an overwhelming number of psychiatrists are tennis players.

They know where their prospects are.

How to cheat when it counts

Remember what Descartes said. "If you don't cheat at tennis and your opponent does, you are only cheating yourself. *Ergo*, you're both cheating you and what the hell kind of a situation is that?"

What is important to know, however, is *when* to cheat.

It is patently absurd to make a wrong call when you're losing 0–6, 0–6, 0–5. What difference is that point going to make? What's more, do it often enough and you'll soon get a reputation as a cheat.

The only time it makes sense to cheat is when the point is a significant one. Unfortunately, making a bad call on a vital point is often suspect. Unless you have mastered the art of Reverse Cheating.

A New Yorker named Sidney Finger discovered Reverse Cheating in the '50s and has moved from club to club along the Eastern Seaboard putting it to us.

Here's the system in his own words:

As soon as I reach a point in a match where there's no question who's going to win, I start making bad calls *against myself*.

Let a ball hit by my opponent go six inches out and I shout, "Beautiful! On the line!" If he protests—rare, indeed—I say, "No, I'm almost positive. It was in."

Conversely, I'll hit a clear winner past him that lands a foot or so inside the baseline and then insist that it was out. No matter what he says, I am adamant. "Out. It was definitely out I really had a good angle to see it."

Over the months, I build a reputation for honesty to the point of absurdity. And I continue to build this reputation until it comes time for me to use it on a significant point.

My most dramatic use of this device came in the semis of a tournament at the Dunes Racquet Club last year. I had split sets and was in a nine-point sudden-death tie-breaker for the match.

My opponent was serving first.

He hit his first serve long I then walked to the ad court.

"Where you going, Sid?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" I said.

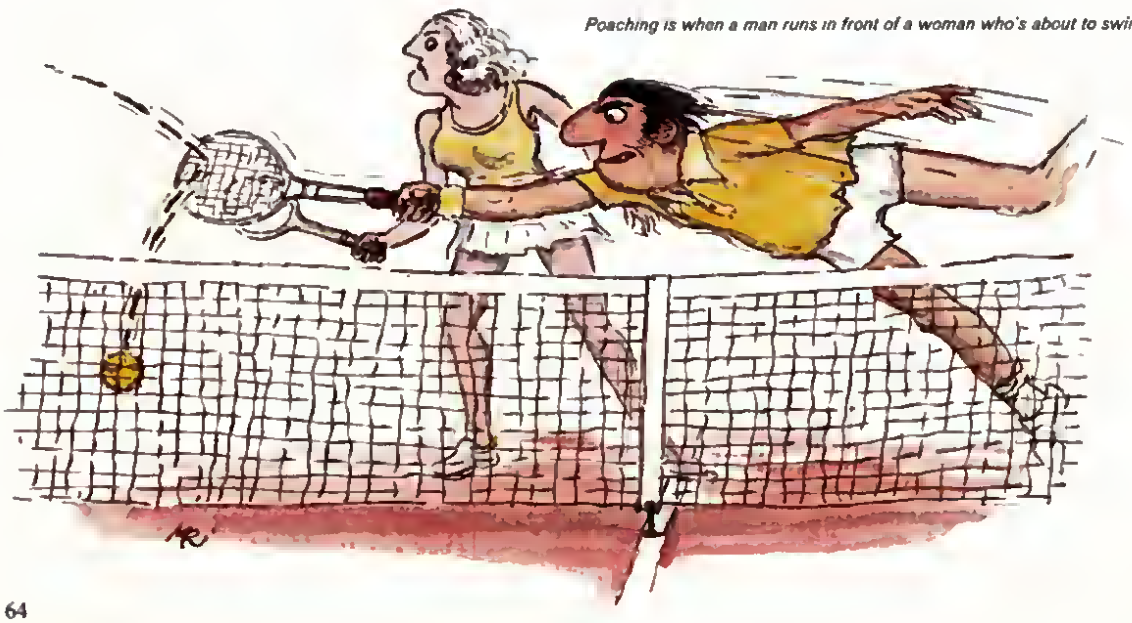
"Why are you standing on that side? I've got my second serve coming."

I looked at him with puzzlement. "Joe, what are you talking about?" I said gently. "You just double-faulted."

"Double-faulted?" he said. "No. That was just the first serve."

Gently, I said, "Joe. You hit the first one into the net and the second one long."

Poaching is when a man runs in front of a woman who's about to swing



"Are you kidding?" he said. "That was my first serve. I swear it was my first serve."

"Well, O.K., Joe," I said, and started to walk back.

"No, wait," he said. "Jeez, maybe I forgot. I don't know how . . . but . . . are you *sure* I hit *two* faults, Sidney?"

"I'm sure, Joe."

"O.K., Sid," he said, and walked over to the ad side to serve the second point.

Now, my opponent in this match was a man who once pushed a court roller over the foot of an opponent who he had thought had made a bad call *while they were warming up!* But in this case I had so carefully and soundly built my reputation for honesty, he accepted my word. But he was so unnerved by the entire proceeding that he thereupon double-faulted and then failed to return any of my three serves, two of which, in fact, were out, and I won the tie-breaker 5–0. The last time I, or anyone else, ever saw him he was in earnest conversation with two members of the club, one an ophthalmologist, the other a psychiatrist.

I lost in the finals to someone who didn't cheat at all, but had a terrific topspin lob.

Warming up

Our bodies are among the most important things we have to work with in tennis. Yet many of us treat our bodies with less respect than our automobiles, including some automobiles that are more than eight years old.

While we won't drive our car until we are certain that it is warmed up—that its mechanical parts and fluids are functioning properly—we'll dash pell-mell onto a tennis court and begin strenuous play immediately.

Medically speaking, what happens is this. Our blood, which has been traveling, let us say, 12 to 14 mph, suddenly has to accelerate to 30. A rough proposition.

Our muscles must change from the luxury of torpor to the chaos of flexes, twists and turns, in a matter of seconds.

Our tendons, lymph glands and assorted organs also undergo swift, dramatic role reversals.

There is only one way to prepare for this, and that is to give the proper time and attention to the warmup.

Above all, don't *be rushed* into a match by an *impatient opponent.*

Professional tennis players warm up an hour or more with someone else and then for 10 minutes against their opponents. Obviously, at our level we need even more warmup time.

Insist on your *rights.*

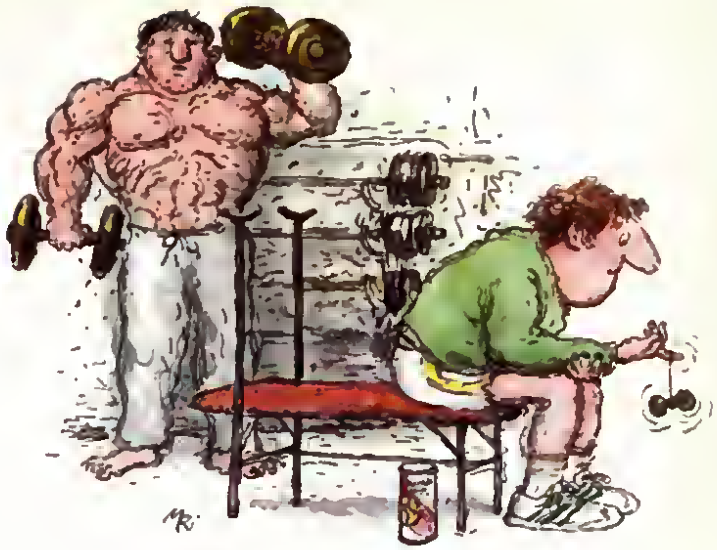
Roughly, here is how your warmup time should be divided.

Twenty minutes. Concentrate on your forehand.

Twenty minutes. Concentrate on running around your backhand.

Ten minutes. Stand at the net and practice bringing your racket back to the ready position after you've missed your opponent's passing shots.

Ten minutes. After pointing up in the air to indicate that you want to try some overheads, practice squinting, to indicate to everyone that the sun keeps getting in your eyes.



Work hard to strengthen that feeble can-opening forefinger

Ten minutes. Practice your serve into the left court. Break it down into cannonballs, twists, slices, reverse twists, reverse slices.

Ten minutes. Practice your serve into the right court. Break it down into cannonballs, twists, slices, reverse twists, reverse slices.

NOTE: As a matter of courtesy, it is unfair to continue practicing your serve until you hit one in. Limit yourself to 10 minutes on each side.

When you feel you are ready, listen for someone to say, "Ready, gentlemen? Play." Continue warming up until you hear it, because that is the traditional way a match starts.

If after a while you find yourself having difficulties getting people to play with you, skip all practice time, and simply walk out on the court and say, "First one in."

Just don't do it when you get to the U.S. Open. Because Connors or Vilas or Borg, or whoever your opponent is, *will* have warmed up and he'll have a decided advantage over you.

The two-handed backhand

Nothing has so quickly caught the fancy of the tennis public as the two-handed backhand.

I have no firm convictions on its efficacy vis-à-vis the one-handed or no-handed backhand and simply pass along the proper method of hitting it.

Grasp the racket in two hands (traditionally, the left hand goes on top for righties, and vice versa for lefties, but if you find this unsuitable, physically or esthetically, by all means do it your own way) and when the ball comes, swing at it, keeping both hands firmly gripped on the racket up until that point where the pain is unendurable and you have the distinct feeling that some part of your arm or upper torso is about to break.

If you are somehow able to hit two backhands in a row over the net in this fashion, you'll soon be hearing people say, "Look at that! A young Chris Evert!"—which is delightful if you're a 13-year-old girl, but not so hot if you're an overweight 45-year-old man.

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continued

Who are those people who play tennis on TV?

More and more your television set will show pictures of people in short pants running around playing what the commentators call tennis, though it bears no resemblance whatever to the game you and your friends play.

I do not find this amusing. Very often, normal human beings will watch this game and then go out and try to play it. The results are shattering, physically and psychologically.

The fact is, these "tennis players" are not normal human beings.

They are part of a special race of people who were born to do little or nothing else but play tennis.

Tests have proved that these people have physical structures, temperaments, nervous systems and reflexes of a totally different order from real people. Their legs, for example, jerk out reflexively the moment a doctor says to them, "Come into the next room and I'll hit your knee with a hammer to test your reflexes."

If you saw Bjorn Borg walking down the street and said to yourself, "If I only had a tennis ball in my hand I could throw it across the street to him," before you were finished thinking it, Borg would turn his body sideways and bring his arm back to hit the ball.

As a young boy, Jimmy Connors pulled the wings off flies—that were flying. So did Billie Jean King—as a young girl.

Dr. Henry Ruston hypothesizes that in each generation some 250 to 300 babies are born into the world who have been programmed by God knows what power to play tennis. Traditionally, the first indication is that they switch grips on their rattles every time they turn in their cribs.

Thereafter, many small signs add further proof.

They stare at *one* little colored bead on the string of beads that runs across the crib, for stretches of six to eight hours. They bring an arm way back and then move it forward to grab for the bottle when their mother holds it out. And so it goes until that happy day in their third or fourth year when their parents parade them before their guests at a dinner party and say, "Come on, Chuckie, show them how you bend for a backhand half-volley drop shot."

If you ever find yourself envying these "tennis players," think of this: How would you like to suffer the humiliation of losing a match to Jimmy Connors at Forest Hills and stand there with egg on your face while you're being presented with a runner-up check for $15,000, knowing that Connors is taking $25,000, and thinking that you're going to have to fight your way through hundreds of screaming groupies to get to the locker room and that you'll only have a day or two to rest before you have to go to Hawaii for another tournament?

Tennis etiquette

Tennis is a gentleman's and gentlewoman's game.

Traditionally, it is played by people who have respect for one another, who are pleasant to one another and who are quick to give one another the benefit of every doubt and every call.

This type of behavior is most important when you are a lousy tennis player.

Then, no matter how often you lose, people will say, "But he's really a nice guy," and the knowledge that you are held in that kind of esteem by your fellowman will more than make up for the fact that you have to serve the ball off a bounce, and nobody wants to play with you, and your kids don't stand too close to you when you're at the club, and you've heard rumors that the Membership Committee may make it mandatory next year that each member be able to hit two backhands in a row over the net, something they refer to as The Mackintosh Qualification and your name is Mackintosh.

Here is how to be a nice guy:

Whenever you have the time, say "Great shot!"

Call foot faults on yourself.

Bring towels for everyone.

Buy sodas for everyone.

If a little kid keeps running onto your court, tell his mommy it's O.K. and offer to move to another court.

Have Band-Aids with you at all times in case someone needs one.

Bring the Sunday papers for everybody.

When the pro is through with a lesson, collect all the balls for him.

If you've accidentally hit an overhead on the court, make sure everybody knows it was an accident.

Constantly congratulate your opponent. Congratulate him for everything. You need not limit it to tennis. You can comment favorably on his family, his car, his hairstyle, his new sneakers—the possibilities are endless.

If you have to cross a court where someone is playing, make sure you wait until the point is over. Then ask if you can cross. When you're told you can, say something like, "Listen, I can wait. If you'd rather I waited, I'll wait." Don't overdo this, however.

Compliment all the men on how pretty their wives are. (Don't overdo this, either.)

If you're an orthodontist, give away free braces to all the kids.

When three players better than you have been searching for a fourth for more than an hour and have exhausted all possibilities, including a member on crutches, and have finally asked *you*, say, "Gee, I hope I don't ruin your game," and while you're playing say, "I'm sorry, I was out of position" every time your partner makes an error. At the end of the match apologize profusely to everyone.

Offer to get things for people wholesale.

Mention jocularly how you've spent $2,500 on tennis lessons and you're still no good.

Mention jocularly how you're using the most expensive tennis racket in the world and you're still no good.

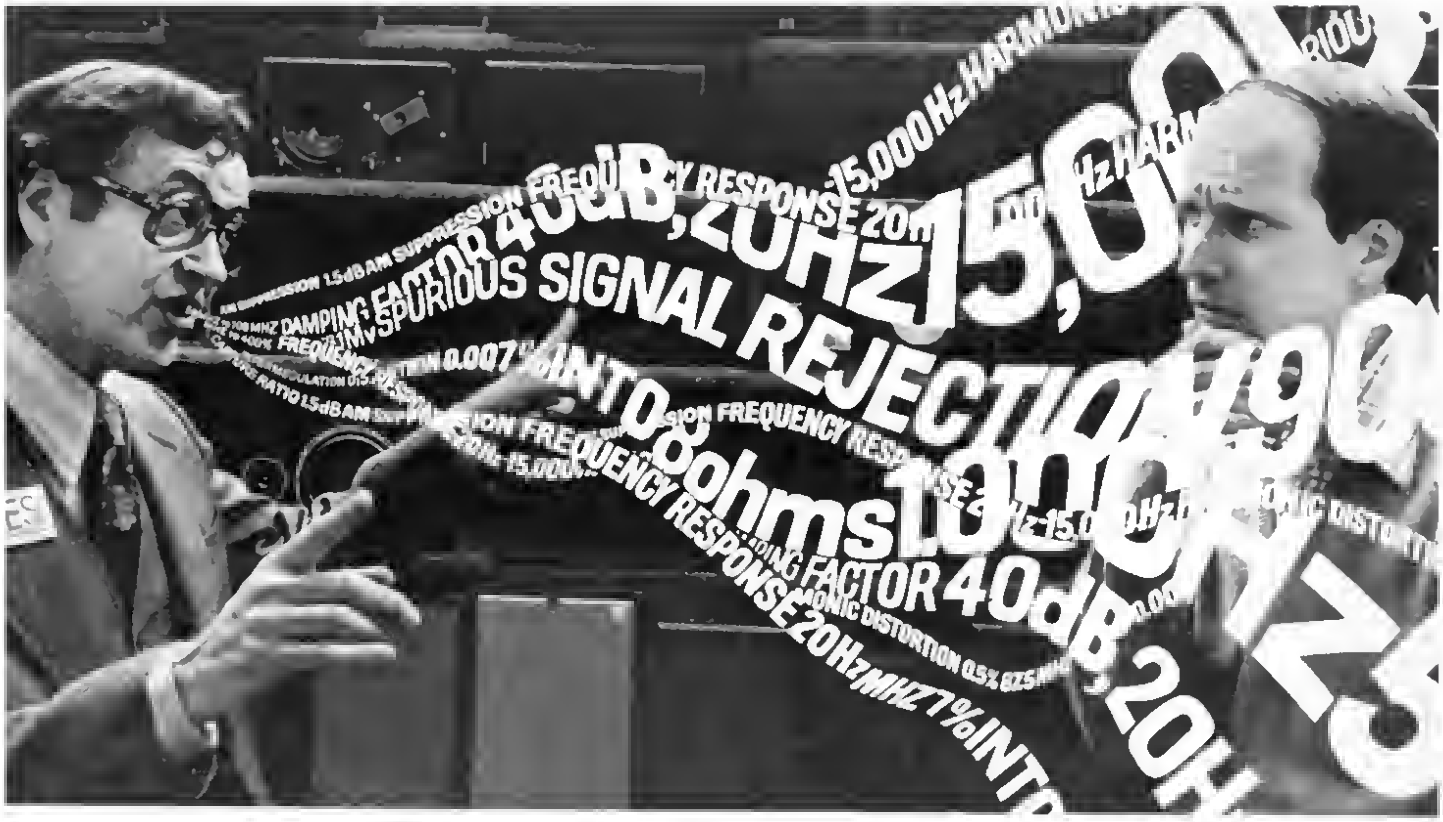
Mention jocularly how lucky you've been in business and you'd like to buy the new balls all the time, if nobody minds.

Above all, keep on losing. In tennis, guys who finish last are nice.

Mixed doubles

When playing mixed doubles it is important that the man always play the backhand side. This is because men are al-

continued



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ways better than women, except when the woman is better than the man. Even on those occasions, however, it is still important for the man to play the backhand side because if he doesn't, spectators will say, "Look at that, she's better than him so she's playing the backhand side," and that is very humiliating. Once, when that happened to me, I was affected by it for several weeks—to the point where I was unable to accomplish simple tasks like combing my hair, pronouncing the word "lagniappe" and making change for a one-dollar bill.

When playing mixed doubles and his partner is serving, the man should stand five to eight feet behind the net so he is in the proper position to "poach." Poaching is when the man runs in front of the woman who's about to swing and shouts, "I got it!" and hits the ball into the net. Poaching is one of the most social aspects of tennis, leading as it does to frequent, often passionate, conversations between men and women.

Husbands and wives should never play together as a mixed-doubles team unless the strength of their marriage has been certified by a qualified board of marriage counselors. Occasionally, you will meet a couple who say, "We play mixed doubles all the time and we never get angry at each other." They are lying through their teeth.

When the going gets tough, the tough get going

The literature of sports is packed with stories of athletes who have come back from the brink of defeat.

We can all take heart from these inspiring tales and learn that a tennis match is not over until that final point is lost.

With the score 0–6, 0–6, 0–5 and your opponent serving at 40-love, you can rally all the strength and determination within you by seizing on the possibilities still remaining: your opponent can trip on a ball and break a leg; a large rabid dog can walk on the court and refuse to move; your playing time may be up and the people waiting to come on may be paid-up members of the Mafia.

Granted, there is little one can do to effect these possibilities. Perhaps wishing will make it so.

Exercises

Physical fitness is important for tennis players who want to become astronauts. For all others it is not only not essential, but working toward it is also time-consuming, boring and physically dangerous.

With one exception. The first joint on the index finger of your playing hand. Let that joint become soft and flaccid and you'll find yourself spending hours trying to pry open the new, improved tops of tennis ball cans.

A simple, joint-strengthening exercise is this. Fold the joint back toward your palm, then unfold it. Do this three or four thousand times a day. You can do it almost anytime. While you're standing, sitting, even while you're getting ready to serve again after you've double-faulted. In fact, the only time you can't exercise it is when you're bowling, drinking coffee or running around your backhand.

In months, you'll notice that this joint becomes more supple and responsive. Then one day, it'll be "Goodby, weak finger. Hello, strong, formidable fellow!"

People will soon ask you to open their cans of tennis balls for them, which in time will help your Mr. Nice Guy image.

The perfect tennis swing

An exhaustive study of more than 75 tennis manuals, 19 tennis instructional films and videotapes of lessons given by tennis professionals at nine leading tennis camps has enabled the writer and Dr. Ruston to define the definitive tennis swing.

Stand facing the net with your weight on your back foot or with your weight evenly balanced or with your weight starting to shift from your front to your back foot.

Bring the racket back until it's even with your leading or trailing hip. Or with your shoulder. Or between your leading or trailing hip and your shoulder.

It is essential that you cock your wrist. It is also essential that you do not cock your wrist.

Meet the ball just ahead of your forward foot and just behind your forward foot.

Follow through at shoulder height, just below shoulder height and a little below that.

Keep your eye on the ball so that if it goes into the weeds you can find it quickly without losing too much of your valuable court time.

Concentration

Concentration is 94.6% of tennis.

The ability to continually focus on the game to the absolute exclusion of any and all alien thoughts oftentimes enables a really rotten tennis player to soundly whomp his betters.

Indeed, Alex Sands, of Sands Tennis Academy and U-Haul Systems, considers concentration to be 100% of tennis. In his three-week course the student does not even lift a racket.

Rather, he spends 12 hours a day standing at the baseline concentrating on a tennis ball that has been placed eight feet in front of him. The first day, distractions are kept at an absolute minimum. The other students and the staff go on a picnic, leaving the new pupil without food or drink, and all toilet facilities are boarded up.

Beginning with Day Two, potential distractions are introduced. The pupil must compel himself to disregard them totally and to continue thinking of nothing but the tennis ball. If he exhibits any perceptible response to these distracting elements everyone goes on a picnic again. The distractions range from aspersions on the character and legitimacy of his immediate family to random rifle shots at his feet.

If he can stand passively on the baseline for four hours, he is allowed to go on the picnic.

You can study the Sands Method at home by making a "necklace" out of a piece of string and a tennis ball, tying it around your neck and staring at the tennis ball for four to six weeks.

This will not only improve your concentration but will make you an object of such scorn and derision that you might very well develop the killer instinct so vital to a friendly game of tennis. **END**

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The 1980 Olympics don't begin in Moscow, they just end there.

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NBC SportsWorld



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 9-15

PRO BASKETBALL—As if to make sure their Feats would not become unduly distracted by the Broncos, the Nuggets, the NBA's best-drawing team, have put together their longest victory streak—nine games—since joining the NBA last year. Led by David Thompson, the league's third-leading scorer with an average of 29.7 points, Dan Issel, who scored 30 points against Kareem Abdul-Jabbar in a 123–112 defeat of the Lakers, and defensive stat Bobby Jones, Denver, which was tied with Chicago for the Midwest Division lead at Christmas, has taken a firm hold on first place, leaving the Bulls 5½ games behind. Central leader Washington bended Portland only its sixth defeat of the year, 102–93, and snapped the Blazers' seven-game winning streak. The next night the Bullets, playing their fifth game of the week, turned about and lost to Buffalo 130–93. San Antonio 12–11 remained 1½ games back. The Blazers' loss to the Bullets hardly affected the Pacific race. Phoenix (32–01) remained in second place, seven games behind. Third-place Seattle, 17–3 since Lenny Wilkens took over as coach, won three and hit the .500 mark for the first time this season, but still trailed Portland by 12 games. In Los Angeles the big question was, what has happened to Kareem? The Lakers, 8–13 when Abdul-Jabbar returned to action six weeks ago, were expected to regain the form that gave them the Pacific title last season. But Kareem's aggressiveness and domination have been missing, and L.A. is now 17–24 and remains in the cellar. The 7'2" center says he has been inhibited by the spate of violence in the NBA. Uninhibited, Philadelphia won four and strengthened its lead over second-place New York to 6½ games. After losing their first two games under new Coach Satch Sanders, the Celtics won two, but that was hardly cause for celebration. One of the victories was over the 9–32 Nets, and it took an overtime to do it.

BOWLING—MARSHALL HOLMAN won the $90,000 Ford Open in Alameda, Calif., 221–218 over Jimmy Certain.

CHESS—VIKTOR KORCHNOI qualified to challenge world champion Anatoly Karpov by defeating Boris Spassky 10½ to 7½. Spassky angrily resigned the 19th game of their semifinal match in Belgrade.

PRO FOOTBALL—NFC champion DALLAS outclassed AFC titleholder Denver 27–10 in the Super Bowl for the NFL championship (*page 16*).

HOCKEY—NHL: Cleveland was busy on and off the ice. The Barons picked up five new players in two deals with Colorado and one with the New York Islanders. Forwards Chuck Arnason, Rick Jodzio and J.P. Parise and Defensemen Dennis O'Brien and Jean Potvin. Their welcome to Cleveland was a brutal stretch of four games in four nights, something that few NHL clubs have ever had to face. The Barons, who are in last place in the Adams Division, won the first three, beating the Islanders 5–3, Buffalo 6–3 and Toronto 5–2, but ran out of energy in a 4–2 loss to Pittsburgh. Los Angeles Coach Ron Stewart had his own thoughts about the NHL's schedule after Detroit, which he'd been canceled out of its game at Montreal the night before, scored a 4–3 victory over the Kings, who were playing their fourth game in five nights. "I want someone to read and hear about how the NHL can allow Montreal to cancel a game just because the Canadiens don't want to play three games [including an exhibition against the U.S.S.R.'s Spartak team] in four nights," Stewart said. Detroit Coach Bobby Kromm shared Stewart's sentiments. "I think the Kings have a legitimate beef," he said. Concluded Stewart: "Quite obviously, we have two sets of rules here, one for Montreal and one for the rest of the league." After losing only two games in two months, Boston dropped three in seven days—5–3 to both Buffalo and Montreal and 3–2 to the New York Rangers. Philadelphia ended a five-game winless streak by beating the Rangers 4–1, earlier the Flyers had tied Montreal 3–3 on Paul Holmgren's knuckleball shot that eluded Ken Dryden at 19:59 of the third period. Five New York Islanders were voted to the Campbell Conference's first all-star team. Defenseman Denis Potvin, Goaltender Billy Smith and the line of Bryan Trottier, Clark Gillies and rookie Mike Bossy.

WHA: Backed by Vladislav Tretjak's spectacular goaltending, the Soviet National Team defeated first place New England 7–4 to wind up its WHA tour with a 5–1 record. The Whalers still lead second place Winnipeg by four points in the standings. The Jets routed Birmingham 11–2 as Anders Hedberg scored goals 31 and [illegible] and Bobby Hull added 28 [illegible] Edmonton's record against Cincinnati to 5–0 with a 2–0 [illegible]

HORSE RACING—TEXT ($19.80) survived a claim of interference in the stretch made by Steve Cauthen, who rode J.O. Tobin, to win the $110,500 San Fernando Stakes, second of the three-race Strub Series at Santa Anita. The Elmendorf colt, ridden by Fernando Toro, ran the nine furlongs in 1:49⅘, finishing two lengths in front of highly favored J.O. Tobin, who won the first leg of the Strub.

DR. VALERI (116 to 1 shot ridden by Rene Rieta Jr.) came from last place to upset favored Quadratic by a half a length in the $122,000 Tropical Park Derby at Calder. The winner ran the mile and a sixteenth in 1:45 and paid $235.40 on a $2 wager. The highest stakes payoff in the history of Florida thoroughbred racing.

MOTOR SPORTS—After winning the pole position with a track record lap time of 1:47.75 on the 5.969-S Brickyard circuit, MARIO ANDRETTI drove his Lotus to an easy victory in the 53-lap Argentine Grand Prix in Buenos Aires. Defending world champion Niki Lauda was second 13.21 seconds behind in his first race for the Brabham team.

SPEED SKATING—At the U.S. International Skating Association's all-round championships in West Allis, Wisc., ERIC HEIDEN won the men's title with 168.151 points, setting track records in the 1,500- and 3,000-meter races. His sister BETH HEIDEN won the women's title with 182.655 points, skating to track records in the 1,000 and the 3,000 meters.

SQUASH—SHARIF KHAN of Toronto won his ninth South American Open title by defeating Chris Caldwell 15–4, 15–10, 15–9 in Toronto.

TENNIS—BJORN BORG won the Birmingham Invitational Indoor championship in Alabama, beating Dick Stockton 7–6, 7–5.

EVONNE GOOLAGONG triumphed over Wendy Turnbull 6–2, 6–3 in the Virginia Slims tournament in Hollywood, Fla.

TRACK & FIELD—At the CYD International Indoor Meet at College Park, Md., DICK BUERKLE set a world indoor record of 3:54.8 (it will probably be recognized as 3:54.9 based on the automatic timer) in the mile (page 54). Olympic silver medalist GREG JOY, 21-year-old Canadian now living in Miami, established a world indoor record in the high jump of 7'7" bettering Dwight Stones' 1976 mark of 7'6½". American records were set by MARK BELGER, who ran the 880 in 1:48.1, and JONI HUNTLEY, who high jumped 6'4". Automatically timed world records were set by DEBY LaPLANTE, who ran the 60-yard hurdles in 7.97, and Canadian PATTY LOVERIDGE, who turned a 6.78 in the 60-yard dash.

LORNA FORDE ran the 500 meters at the Dartmouth Relays in Hanover, N.H., in indoor world-record time of 1:10.5, 1.3 faster than the mark set last year by Roselyn Bryant.

MILEPOSTS—NAMED: By the Buffalo Bills as coach, CHUCK KNOX, 45, who had just signed a five-year contract with the Los Angeles Rams. By the Detroit Lions as their fifth coach in seven years, MONTE CLARK, 40, former coach of the San Francisco 49ers, to replace Tom Hudspeth, who was fired. By the 49ers as their third head coach in 10 months, PETE McCULLEY, 46, receiver coach with the Washington Redskins, to replace Ken Meyer, who was fired.

DIED: JOSEPH (Marse Joe) McCARTHY, 90, Hall of Famer who managed the New York Yankees to eight American League pennants and seven world championships, including four in a row, in Buffalo. An undistinguished minor league player, McCarthy was hired to manage the last-place Chicago Cubs in 1926 and took them to the World Series in 1929. Then in 1932, his second year with the Yankees, he became the first manager to win pennants in both leagues. He remained with New York until 1946 and guided the Red Sox in 1948 and 1949.

CREDITS

13—Drawing by SOW. **16, 17**—Neil Leifer. **18, 19**—Walter Iooss Jr. **20, 21**—Clockwise from top left: Patat Read Miller, Tony Tinto, Walter Iooss Jr., Neil Leifer, Walter Iooss Jr., Peter Read Miller, Heinz Kluetmeier (2). **22**—Walter Iooss Jr. **23**—Heinz Kluetmeier. **33**—Marvin E. Newman (lower right), Helmut Gritscher (2). **34, 35**—Marvin E. Newman (upper left), Helmut Gritscher (5). **36**—Marvin E. Newman (lower left), Helmut Gritscher (2). **39**—From a photograph by Lane Stewart. **45**—Lane Stewart. **46**—Jerry Cooke. **48**—Art Shay. **54**—Richard Darcey—The Washington Post. **97**—Drawing by Michael Ramus.

FACES IN THE CROWD



GEORGE BRICKLEY
Melrose, Mass.

A junior center for the Trinity College hockey team, Brickley, 20, had a hat trick in each of the Bantams' first four games. As a freshman he led the team in scoring with 22 points; as a sophomore he had 40 points (21 goals).



JENNY LIDBACK
Hyde Park, Vt.

Defeating the defending champion and seven-time winner in the semifinals and the city champion in the finals, Jenny, 14, became the youngest to win the state women's golf tournament. She now holds both the junior and women's titles.



CONNIE PIERCE
Wyomissing, Pa.

Connie, 18, won her second consecutive national girls 18-and-under junior squash racquets singles championship at Princeton with a 15–11, 12–15, 15–9, 16–13 defeat of Kris Kinney, who was undefeated in women's competition.



AMY TUCKER
Dresden, Ohio

A six-foot senior forward averaging 34.5 points a game (.790 field-goal percentage), Amy, 17, scored the 1,000th point of her Springboro High basketball career in an 83–28 victory over Ross High. She was named league MVP in 1976 and '77.



BOBBY AND KEN ELLINGTON
Bennettsville, S.C.

Bobby, 15, and Ken, 13, started playing golf at the age of five and have won a total of 105 trophies. Bobby, a sophomore at Williams High, won the Carolinas Cup, which goes to the top 15-year-old golfer in North and South Carolina, beating an international field of 132 at Santee-Cooper, S.C. Ken, an eighth-grader at Turrentine Middle School, won the 12-13 age-group title at the Foxfire International Tournament of Champions at Foxfire Village, N.C., over 31 junior champions.

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19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

OH, TO BE NO. 1

Sir

After "considering the evidence," as John Underwood suggests (*Shake Down the Thunder*, Jan. 9), I find it perfectly easy to "resist the argument" that Notre Dame is No. 1. In my opinion, Alabama brought the argument to its logical conclusion with a stellar Sugar Bowl performance.

JOHN K. CABELL
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Sir

Once again the Irish mystique has prevailed over Alabama, just as it did at the conclusion of the 1966 season, during which the Crimson Tide fielded probably its best team ever. Notre Dame "poll" vaulted from fifth place to first, but not exactly the way Alabama did it to end the 1965 season. Then Alabama *earned* its No. 1 ranking, as all three teams rated above the Tide in the polls were defeated in bowl games. Similarly, this time No. 3 Alabama soundly defeated a good Ohio State team while No. 1 Texas and No. 2 Oklahoma lost.

FRED NELSON JR.
Birmingham

Sir

I would like the coaches and sportswriters of America to explain to an 8-year-old third-grader I know why Notre Dame is No. 1. She is third in her class and is wondering if she makes an A and the No. 5 student also makes an A, whether No. 5 will skip over her to No. 1.

The coaches and sportswriters can spell it out for her. I won't try, for I'm only her aunt who takes her to ball games.

EMILY CRISSON
Birmingham

Sir

Here is a hypothetical—and probably paranoid—question from fans in the Deep South. If Alabama had been ranked fifth in the final regular-season polls and beaten Texas 38–10, and Notre Dame had been ranked third and beaten Ohio State 35–6, which team would have been ranked No. 1 in the postseason polls?

JOHN FORNEY
DOUG LAYTON
Birmingham

Sir

The final college football polls prove one thing: the Southeastern Conference must be very strong. Its eighth-place team, Mississippi, beat national champion Notre Dame.

ROBERT L. PENCE
Greenville, S.C.

Sir

I wish someone would explain to me why the Penn State Nittany Lions were not given serious consideration for the No. 1 ranking this year.

GARY KOTESKI
Pennsylvania Furnace, Pa.

Sir

Best 11–1 team, based on toughest schedule—Texas; best bowl team—Arkansas; media national champion—Notre Dame.

W. DENNIS CLARK
STANLEY D. SMITH
Tempe, Ariz.

Sir

Do you think we may finally lay to rest the myth of Big Ten football supremacy?

G. DANIEL MCCALL
Augusta

Sir

Instead of having an NBA title game or a Super Bowl game or the Indy 500, why not let sportswriters (AP) and coaches (UPI) vote for the champion?

SCOTT CROISETTE
Green Lane, Pa.

Sir

Notre Dame, you're beautiful!

TERESA MAZUREK
Lakeland, Fla.

DOLBIN'S CATCH

Sir

So Denver's Rob Lytle did fumble the ball (*Wholly Moses for Denver*, Jan. 9). Maybe Oakland was rooked by the officials. But television replays also showed that Jack Dolbin did make the catch on a pass that was ruled incomplete. His hands were under the ball when it touched the ground, thus the call of a trap by the official was evidently incorrect, costing Denver a possible seven points, since Dolbin got up and ran the ball in for a "touchdown." So let's give Oakland the recovery and Denver a touchdown and, most likely, Denver still would have won 20–17.

VINCE SAUNDERS
Logan, Utah

SUPER REF (CONT.)

Sir

Your suggestion of a super NFL referee (SCORECARD, Jan. 2) overlooks one crucial factor. Play stops, and all players must stop when the whistle blows. A super referee watching a television camera can determine that another official made an error, but he cannot determine what might have happened if the official had not made the error and play had continued.

This argument holds in the case of the

continued

ANOTHER GOOD STEER FROM A TILT-WHEEL USER



Tilt-Wheel Steering makes me feel like I'm being treated like a lady when I get in and out of my new Grand Prix.

Barbara Taylor
Denver, Colorado

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WESTERN AUTO

Colts-Patriots "non-fumble," but it becomes even stronger when you think of a case in which a player makes a diving catch—or non-catch—and gets up to run. On the basis of your suggestion, if the official blows the whistle here, everyone on both teams would have to ignore it lest the television camera show that the official was wrong. The potential for serious injury in the confusion that would surely follow is overwhelming.

Officials are human and therefore fallible but they are the best we have. Let us train, evaluate, pay and support them properly.

RICHARD W. MECHEM
Newton, Mass.

Sir:

Granted, officials have made some costly mistakes, and television replays, when properly used, can resolve controversial calls. However, exploring the action from every possible angle by way of cameras can only lead to the detection of holding, clipping, head-slapping, tripping and other rule infringements that would otherwise have gone undetected. Because a penalty can change the outcome of a game as much as a fumble, it would become necessary for your "super referee" to rule not just on calls but also on penalties and fouls.

KEVIN E. FISHER
Lawrence, Kans.

Sir:

Your super referee would lead to a rash of super refs in sports other than football. Can you imagine a super umpire overruling a missed tag at third base or a super ref calling an obvious three-second violation? I agree that we would get near-perfect officiating, but then what would the armchair ump or fan have to barp on at the local pub after the ball game?

RICK LIST
North Huntington, Pa.

NEW JERSEY

Sir:

Amazing! Your Jan. 2 issue contained feature stories on New Jersey's Meadowlands, the nation's greatest racetrack—Princeton Basketball Coach Pete Carril and Montclair State basketball star Carol Blazejowski, not to mention passing references to New Jersey's Giants, Cosmos, Nets and Rutgers University. Perhaps New Jersey will now be recognized as more than just a swampy demilitarized zone separating Yankee fans from Phillie rooters.

RONALD H. REISMAN
South Amboy, N.J.

Sir:

As a proud New Jerseyite, I take offense at your entire Jan. 2 issue. In three articles concerning New Jersey sports, you have managed to insult our air, our soil and our women. The air around the Meadowlands is no more foul than that around New York's Yonkers Raceway. Pete Carril's Pennsylvania parents need not have worried about New Jersey dirt—after all, we are the Garden State. And Montclair State's Carol Blazejowski doesn't shoot off her mouth; she simply isn't afraid to speak her mind as she excels for a small home-state school.

You gave yourself away, however, in the final paragraph of the Meadowlands story. The big New Jersey bucks that for so long have supported New York and Philadelphia franchises and tracks have decided to stay home. Now the teams are beginning to come to us (Giants, Nets) and the state colleges are beginning to retain the native talent. No, the Meadowlands isn't about to move, and the old New Jersey jokes will soon be a thing of the past.

FREDERICK E. PARTRIDGE
West Paterson, N.J.

BLAZE

Sir:

Carol Blazejowski is just what women's basketball needs: a superstar, crowd pleaser and genuine gate attraction (*No One Is Hotter Than the Blaze*, Jan. 2). She might do for her sport what Babe Ruth did for baseball and what Joe Namath did for pantyhose.

Bravo, Blaze! Remember, it isn't bragging if you can do it.

MICHAEL WOICIECHOWSKI
Mandalapan, N.J.

PRINCETON'S PURIST

Sir:

Kent Hannon is to be congratulated for the revealing insight into Princeton Coach Pete Carril, one of college basketball's most profound personalities (*Blue Collar Coach in a Button-Down League*, Jan. 2). As a member of the 1966-67 Lehigh University basketball team which, as you aptly stated, "Carril put ... through the wringer," I was especially moved by the portrayal of Carril as the no-nonsense purist that he is.

The message Carril conveys through his coaching reaches beyond the confines of the basketball court and is accented by his commitment to hard work and team play. Carril's street-fighter instinct reveals a no-frills approach to life, perhaps best symbolized by his short-sleeve shirts, worn as if to eliminate the need to roll up his sleeves before entering a battle. SI has performed a great service for college athletics by zeroing in on a great coach and a heck of a man.

PETER ALBERT
New York City

VIEW FROM BURKE MOUNTAIN

Sir:

I have been at Burke Mountain Academy for six years now, four as an undergraduate and two in the college program. I was pleased to see Burke get the national recognition it deserves (*It's All Downhill from Here*, Jan. 2). As the article said, it was the first ski academy in the U.S., and after six years I believe it is still the premier ski academy, despite tough competition from Stratton in Vermont and Mission Ridge in Washington.

continued



Vitamin loss. Classic in flu.

When your body reacts to the stress of flu, it increases the rate at which it uses up many kinds of nutrients including vitamins From a balanced daily diet, your body can store up most nutrients for such emergency use However, there are certain vitamins the body can't stockpile, no matter how much you take in. Here's why

Water-soluble vs. fat-soluble vitamins. Your body absorbs two kinds of vitamins from the food you eat, fat-soluble and water-soluble The fat-soluble vitamins are accumulated in substantial reserves in body tissues. But this is not true of the water-soluble vitamins, B complex and C, and daily replacement through proper diet is considered necessary even when you're well When your vitamin needs are increased by the stress of infection, immediate supplementation of the water-soluble vitamins, B complex and C may be indicated

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19TH HOLE *continued*

However, there are a few things I would like to point out

1) We are not a school for rich kids Though the sport of skiing is expensive, Warren Witherell, our headmaster (and mentor), has made a concerted effort to open the way for talented but not wealthy ski racers Close to one-third of the student body is on some sort of scholarship

2) Looney's emphasis on skiing above schooling is mostly unjustified. Our curriculum is basically the same as that of a regular high school, yet it enables us to delve into areas of greater interest to us, too. It requires more self-motivation, but if you want a good education, you can get one

3) We do have a blackboard and it is in our dining room, where we hold classes

4) Burke Mountain Academy is not a utopia, but it is a place where kids can go who have a direction and want to follow it. It is also a place where they can learn responsibility and experience community living and a closeness to people that can't be learned in the "big, cruel world." Then they can carry what they learn out into the "real" world and maybe make it a little better.

5) Burke Mountain Academy is a fantastic experience

JIMMY TAYLOR
East Burke, Vt

TOM AND TED

Sir

Regarding Tom Seaver's interview with Ted Williams (SCORECARD, Jan 2), you stated it was "for a syndicated series to be called *Greatest Sports Legends*." Let me just say, with a measure of pride, that this series is not a new production; it has been on the air for five years! We have filmed 70 *Sports Legends*, with Paul Hornung as host for the first three years, Reggie Jackson as last year's host and Tom Seaver as our new host Furthermore, we are the most successful syndicated televised sports show today based on five consecutive years on the air and the more than 100 stations that carry the series

As for Williams' comment on Joe DiMaggio, he also stated, "I've always said he was the greatest player I ever saw." And while setting the scene for Williams' last at bat, you failed to mention how it turned out After missing one Jack Fisher fastball, Williams sent another one into the Fenway Park bullpen for a home run As re-creator Harry Kalas says on the *Sports Legends* show, "Who else could do it but Teddy Ballgame!"

BERL ROTFELD
Executive Producer
Greatest Sports Legends
Bala Cynwyd, Pa

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The right way to design a family car is to begin with the family.

Oldsmobile Delta 88. The car that puts first things first.

The 88 trunk is designed to pack in what your family can pack in.





Generous headroom and legroom in back mean a comfortable, enjoyable ride. For everyone.

The 88 makes economical as well as mechanical sense with excellent mileage for a family-size car.





It goes without saying that cars are built for people. But Oldsmobile decided you get a much happier set of results when, instead of building for people, you build around them.

That's the idea of the Olds Delta 88: your family first.

Your family prefers sitting stretched out to sitting scrunched up. So try our head and legroom up front and in back. Olds 88 has always meant "roomy car", and our 88s for '78 keep the faith.

Your family needs a trunk that really packs it in. The new Olds Delta 88 gives you 20 cubic feet of trunk space.

When you and your family hit the road, you don't want to feel it. Computers helped us to select the proper combination of springs and shock-absorption rates, to help cradle all of you on the roads you drive.

And you don't want our car free-wheeling with your money. Delta 88 puts fuel to work and keeps it there. 25 mpg in highway tests, 17 in the city, 20 combined, according to EPA estimates with standard 231 V6 engine and automatic transmission. Your mileage depends on how you drive, your car's condition, and its equipment. (EPA estimates in California are lower.) The Delta 88 is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

Oldsmobile Delta 88. The family car we build by beginning with the family.

Oldsmobile

Delta 88

Can we build one for you?

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8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



I'm realistic. I only smoke Facts.

FACT 1: We don't want your taste buds to go to sleep.

FACT reduces the aldehyde* gases that we believe muddy the flavor of fine tobaccos so you can enjoy wide-awake taste.

FACT 2: We have smoke scrubbers in our filter.

These Purite® scrubbers work like magnets to reduce these same aldehydes and let the fine flavor come through.

FACT 3: We have a patent on flavor in low 'tar' cigarettes: #3828800.

Our Purite filter helps deliver flavor in a way so new we've been able to patent it.

Add it all up. Low gas, low 'tar,' great flavor. That's a FACT.



*Formaldehyde, Crotonaldehyde, Acrolein

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Available in regular and menthol.